Second Part

IN

English Bucolicks

OF

MODERN TIMES.

To his Friend

Anthony Le-Nobody,

ON HIS

Mock-Poem.

SCarron's *a Fool, and* Hudibras
He is, what is he? why an Ass.
And so's Leander's *bawdy Poem,*
And Maronides, *if you know'um.*
And other Folio's I ne'r saw,
Written by Lovers of ha-haw.
If but compar'd to what here comes,
I say, they are but meer Tom-thumbs!

And this I'm sure, though they're all vext,
You have kept closest to your Text;
And though they Somebodies would be,
They're Nothing, Nobody, *to thee.*

Philippo-Hudibrantio-Love-Witto.

Dat. *Stanvic-stenid,* Anno Ristus Iuvenili, 3677.

TO

TO THE

Reader.

THough here may be ſomething more than the Truth, yet here is the Truth too, that is, as Homer was pleaſed to deliver it to us: For the reſt, it is as the Genius of Burleſque requires; but I ſuppoſe 'twill ſavour beſt with them, who have had Experi-

ence in that Author. Some Citations I have made of many, that you might at leſt ſee the connexion of things, without the trouble of quoting the Poet himſelf on every occaſion.

THE

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

THis Rhapſodie yclep'd *Iota*,
Is full of matter worth the note-a,
To wit, of words *Homerical*,
Much mirth, ſome ſenſe, and faith that's all:

But that you may be wiſer, than
A thouſand other honeſt men,
(Who never know, what 'tis they read)
I'll tell you now, 'er I proceed.

The Argument.

Once on a time the Greek *Gormandizers,*
Were soundly banged by the Trojans;
But an old Gypsie, called Nox,
Sav'd the Rogues ears from further knocks:
But lousie Greeks *in terrour sticle,*
Being scap'd, soon call'd a Conventicle:
There, while Atrides *doth perswade*
His bold Dragoons homeward to wade,
'Cause Jove *made such a deadly pelter;*
Tydides, *and old Crump-back'd* Nestor,
Stood up and swore it should not be:
Then driveling Nestor (*do you see?*)
After he had well supt and bowzed
To th' Jury this Advice proposed:
That some good Beadles should be sent
Forthwith unto Achilles *Tent,*

To move by words, (not Sword or Hanger)
That he ſhould ſtraight depoſe his Anger.
But he, an ill-bred Clown, they ſay,
For all their Nauls did ſtill cry nay:
And having play'd at Cards one game,
Sent 'um home like Fools as they came.
This doughty Meſſage being told
Teth' Greeks, they think it very bold;
Some their Muſtachoes ſtroke and ſtare,
Some weep, while others curſe and ſwear;
Some waſh away ſad thoughts with Nectar,
While others at Achilles *Hector:*
Thus for a while, Great Sir, they keep;
Then fall (like men of War) to ſleep.

A MOCK-POEM

Upon the

Ninth Book

OF

HOMER's ILIADS.

THus *Trojans* did at Sent'nel ſtand,
With Muſquet ready cock't in hand;
But (1) heavenly flight a Friend to fear,
Held every *Grecian* (by the Ear.)
While the ſtout (2) Captain's grief doth 'riſe,
And makes 'em put fingers in Nies.
Have you not ſeen how in a Churn,
Cream does at laſt to Butter turn,

1) Θεσπεσίη φύζα,—φόβος ὑπολύσιος.

2) Πάντας δ' ἀτλήτου βροδολύσατο πάμφυγας ἄσθμου.

While

While (3) *Bores* or *Jeoffery* rouls the ſtick
And jumbles it about full quick?
Even thus, no otherwiſe I think,
The fearful *Greeks* began to ſtink;
And that Beef-courage, they ſo boaſted,
Lookt now like meat twenty times roaſted.
But Great (4) *Atrides* did appear
As chief in honour, chief in fear:
He firſt (if Poets are no liars)
Bad Corporal call the ſhrill-lung'd (5) Cryer
Then bad the Cryers to convocate,
Some Perſons he did (6) nominate.
But without (7) noiſe, leſt the *Greeks* might
Suppoſe 'twas ſome Nocturnal ſpright,
And ſo for fear themſelves be--*--fright.
And he himſelf (though never ſo
In battel) now (7) did foremoſt go.
In ſhort they all in Council met,
And there like (8) *Hum-Drum Johns* they ſat
But *Agamemnon* 'mong 'um all,
Himſelf roſe up, letting tears fall

2) Βοῆσαι δ' Ζεφυρος.

4) Ἀτρεΐδης δ' ἄρχε μεγαλήτωρ βασιλεύς.

5) —κηρύκεσσι λιγυφθόγγοις.

6) Καλέσσατε κηρυκὶ κικλήσκειν ἀγορήνδε.

7) Μηδὲ βοᾶν —

7) αὐτὸς δὲ μετὰ πρώτοισι μετῆιε.

*) This word *Fright* being left out in other M.S. hath given ſome lewd Commentator cauſe to ſuſpect all was not well; but if you will be content with this word, ſo, if not you may go ſhe——

8) Ἵζον δ' ἀν' ἄγορὴν τετιηότες.

s fast as streams 9 from some high ground
A mercy 'twas they were not drown'd)
nd (10) sighing as if's heart would break,
n micle manner thus he spake:
Friends, Knights and Aldermen (d'ye see?)
Was ever mortal plagu'd like me!
And all through shirking *Joves* false plot,
That promis'd (but performed not.)
Nay (11) swore to me each word he se'd
And * bow'd each Oath his greasie head;
That I should *Troy* (the Devil knows when)
Destroy, and so go home agen:
But now this pettysogging Sot
Hath plainly shew'd his (12) crafty plot,
And after all my *Red-coats* slain,
Bids me to *Argos* pack again.
And this forsooth is *Jove's* high will,
That hath, and doth do, mischief still.
'Tis he thumps down (13) Cities at ease,
And crushes Towns, as men do Flees,
Because in Heaven (14) secure he sits
From our revenge, and counts us Chits.

9) Ὅσσ᾽ τε ῥοαὶ μελάνυδρος ἐπ᾽ ἀνθρώπων κατ᾽ ὄρεσφι ῥέουσιν ἐκ πηγάων ... χειμῶνος ὑπ᾽ ὄμβρου ... ῥοῦσιν ἀπειρεσίαι ...

11) — ἐς πρὶν μὲν μοι τὸν ... ὑπέσχετο καὶ κατένευσεν ... ἐλθόντα ἕλλαδα δῖαν ἑλεῖν εὐπωλον Ἄργος ἀπονέεσθαι.

12) Νῦν δὲ κακὴν ἀπάτην βουλεύσατο καὶ μ᾽ ἀνάλκιδα δμῶας ἐελδόμενον ἀπονέεσθαι ἄκοιτιν καὶ πάτρην ἐπὶ νῆα.

13) — πόλιας ἐπιτάρροθον ἐξαλαπάξαι.

14) — τῷ χόλος ἀθανάτῳ ἐπὶ μήνιος.

* But

'But now go too, nay run, I say,
15)—ὡς ἂν ἐγὼ εἴπω πειθώμεθα πάντες.
'And (15) as I speak, let's all obey;
'Let's home t'our Country Beef and Bacon
'For *Troy* as yet cannot be taken. der
Thus spake the mighty *Greeks* Comman-
But all the rest, for fear of slander, (glad.
16)—ἀκλυὴ ἐχέτην σιωπῇ.
Stood (16) mute, and though they were full
Wisely pretended to be sad;
17)—βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης.
But at the last the (17) roaring Rogue,
18)'Ατρείδη σοὶ πρῶτα μαχήσομαι ἀφραδέοντι.
Tydides thus began his vogue.
'You shabby Fool *Atrides* (18), first
[100]
'I'll contradict you, do your worst;
'(If leave in Counsel may be had:)
19)Ἄναξ—σὺ δὲ μὴν χολόω.
'But pray, good King, (19) do not be mad,
'You may remember, you're the man,
20) ἀλλὰ μὲν πρῶτον ὀνείδισας—Φὰς ὔμμ' ἀπτόλεμον καὶ ἀνάλκιδα—
'That (20) scolding 'mong the *Greeks* be-
'And said, I could no better shift (gan,
'Than vile *Tom-thumb*, or *Hickathrift*;
21)—πᾶσι δὲ πίστα, ἴσασ' Ἀργείων ὅμιλος ὅτι νόος ἐσθλὸς ἐμοῦγε.
'Though all the (21) *Greeks* both young &
'Know very well, Sir, I'm more bold: (old
'But Faith, I think the Son of (22) *Crony*,
22)Κ. ὑὸν πάϊς
'Has destin'd you to be A Tony;
'A

'A Scepter truly he hath lent you,
'But not one dram of (23) mettal sent you:
'D'ye think the *Greeks* stout Sons can do,
'No better, Loggerhead, than you?
'If you'll be jogging, I suppose,
'The (24) way lies fair before your Nose;
'And there's your Cock-boats some seventeen-a,
That follow'd you from Town *Mycena*;
'But th'rest (if we are no mistakers)
'Will stay, till *Trojans* be turn'd Quakers.
'But grant the rest should likewise go,
'And all with you should homeward row,
'Pray let 'um all budg home full pennyless,
'Yet I (25) intend with Couzen *Sthenelus*,
'(Though *Trojans* so redoubted are)
'To fight with them like Dog and Bear;
'Not fearing storms or rainy weather,
'Because Old *Nicholas* (26) brought us hither.
This said, the *Grecians* gave a shout
In favour of this (27) Knight no doubt;

23) ἀλλὰ σ' ὀτρύν. —

24) ἀπὸ τῆς ὁδός. —

25) τοῖσι δ' ἐγὼ Σθενέλῳ τε μαχήσομαι. —

26) σὺν γὰρ θεῷ ἐλήλυθμεν. —

27) ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης. —

But

But when their Caps they'd re-put-an.

28) Ἐνθ' αὖτε Νέστωρ. The (28) Hoſtler *Neſtor* thus began:

'*Tydides*, you're both ſtout of fiſt,
'And give good counſel, when you liſt:
29) Υ̓́πποι τοι νῦν μῦθον ὑποδδείσαντες— 'Who is't dare (29) contradict that fine O-
'ration you made? Troth, none as I know.
'But yet, ſpruce Gallant, all you've ſed
30) —ἀτὰρ ὔ πῃ τελέω ἔπος ἐμμεμαῶτι. 'Has not as yet (30) knockt Nail on head;
'Young years do ſage Advice deſtroy, (Boy:
31) Ἦ μὰν καὶ νέῳ ἐσσι, ἐμοὶ δ' ἂν καὶ υἷϊ ἐοικὼς εἴης. 'And you (31) might well be thought my
'Yet you ſpoke well to th' King, for why?
'Becauſe you huff ſo gallantly.
'But now go too; I, who your Father
'Might well be call'd, my wits will *gather,
* Hence you may collect, that his brains were ſcatered.
'And ſpeak, which ſpeech as I intend
32) Ἐξείπω καὶ μήτηρ μέξομαι— 'Shall all (32) things needful comprehend:
'And no man ſure ſhall me condemn,
'*Ne* any elſe, *ne Agamemnon*, then the *Exordium* of its this,
33) Ἀφρήτωρ ἀθέμιστος ἀνέστιός ἐστιν ὁκοῖος, ὃς πολέμου ἔρατεινὸν ἐπιδρομέω— 'He (33) merits neither Friend nor *Miſs.
'Nor houſe nor home, who e're he be,
'That loves a Civil war to ſee.

'Here'

'Here's the *Exordium*, for the reſt
'To ſpeak it over Ale 'tis beſt.
'Wherefore, let us obey dark night,
'And make(34)a feaſt full of delight;
'Becauſe, when Hero's ſit at Table,
'To counſel beſt, I ween, they are able.
'But let each Sentinel and Scout,
'Lie in the Trench, the *Wall without:
'Young men, 'tis you I here adviſe;—
'But you *Atrides*, you, whoſe guize
'Is ſo Majeſtick, here to Night
'Us Old men to a Foy invite;
'And if you would a reaſon know,
'Tis fit, (35) nay fit it ſhould be ſo.
'For in your Tent good (36) Hogſheads ſtand,
'Exported from the *Thracian* Land:
'From forreign Seas in *Grecian* Lighters,
'A Commodation good for fighters.
'You've (37) all th'advantage for't, to you
'(For your good Wine) the Scepter's due;

34) Δαῖτα δ' ἐφοπλίσσωμεν — Δαῖτα δ' ἐφοπλίσσωμεν —

*— τεῖχος ἄνευθε — τεῖχος ἄνευθε.

35) Ἠμὲν τοι, ἔπος ἀνήκεστον. 36) πλεῖαι δὲ οἱ εἰσὶ κάλπιδες, τὰς ἤδη ἄγομεν Θρήικηθεν ἐπ' ἀφνειοῦ ἀρούρης. 37) πᾶσά τοι ἐν σοὶ ὑπόκειται

38) πολλάκι δ' ἀνδράσι.

'For (38) all, ev'n *Thersites*, that bold Elf,
'Are rul'd by *Bacchus* and your self,
'But when we're all together, and
'*Sitting* at Table *cannot* stand,
'We'll give our thoughts, and him I say
'That counsels best, you shall obey;
'For all the *Greeks* are in great want
'Of good Advice (their Wits go scant.)
'And at a desperate pinch appear,
'Cause foes their Bonfires burn so near.
'Who can rejoyce to see'um brave us?
'Well---this Night will destroy or save us.
He said, and they that heard obey'd,
Thinking all Gospel that he said;
First, *Nester*'s Bastard *Thrasymede*, (seed,
39) — πυκὺν λαὸν. That (39) folks with bit and knock doth
Went from the place with Arms in hand,
And swore he would as Sent'nel stand.
(I wot the Father had more wit,
While the Son stood, the Sire would sit.)
Then *Scalaph* and *Ialmenus*,
Mars-born (as *Homer* telleth us.)

Then *Merion*, *Aphareus*, *Deipyre*,
And *Creon's* Son, whom Threshold slippery,
Through too much hast on Buttocks slung;
'Twas *Lycomede*, that had this wrong.
Seven Captains of the Scout they were,
And each an hundred men did share [200]
To be their guard; who some with brands,
Some with (40) long Mop-staves arm'd their hands.
These 'twixt the Trench and Sconse did ly,
And there, instead of giving eye
To Foes proceedings, they began
To make huge (41) fires, and ply the Kan.
But brave *Atrides* in his Tent,
A better Feast to th'Old men meant.
Twelve *Bellarmines* were first brought in,
Which he not valued of a Pin,
Nor did he reckon it as charge,
Because his *quantum* was so large.
Then five Neats-Tongues, ten Ducks, six Tarts,
(Drest by Cook *Laurel's* cunning Arts.)

40)—Δίλιχ' ἵ[χεα χειρὸς ἵ]χνια.

41) Ἐν δὲ πῦρ κάειον, τίθεσαν δὲ λέβητας ἐπ' ἀμφίς.

The Servitours on Table set,
But they'd forgot the Knives to whet.
This therefore being done, no do
(42) Οἱ δ' ἐπ' ὀνείατ' ἔπιμα πεπαίμενα χεῖρας ἴαλλον. Is made, but (42) strait they all fall too.
But first of all, *Agameminon*
Would needs begin to joak and pun.
For though his Wit was none 'oth'best,
He mainly lov'd to break a Jest.
Though you might sooner break your neck;
Yet, thus he quibled on--*è feck*——
'Now Gentiles, be merry as *Greeks*,
And think the *Trojans* are but Leeks;
'Though they cause water in our eyes
'They're peel'd at last --- (there the Wit lies.)
'Now think not on grim *Hector*'s wrong,
'But on a shoulder of Neat-tongue,
'A Gammon of Plum-porridge, which
'Looks so, it makes my Chaps to itch.
'Think on these *Ducks* for *Dukes* so fit;
'(Plague, there's another piece of wit;)

'Then

'Then on these Chines of Tart, and see
'First you thank *Jove* for it, then me.
'But above all think on this *Bellarmine*,
'And his good Brethren in *Cellar-mine*.
'Then say, The Devil's in't if these
'Won't make you fight like *Bevis*'es.
This Wit in those days seem'd good sauce,
And was extoll'd with publick voice;
When straight impatient of delay,
All with joynt force fell on the prey;
But *Homer* (as I'm in this place)
Ne'r mentions they said any Grace;
But presently ('cause they made haste)
Hurries them to the end of th'Feast.
And thus I think his Verses rhime——
——When(43)they,to wit, the Guests had done;
And Servitours had clear'd the Table,
Nestor began a silly Fable,
(Though his advice (44) before was rated,
To be the best as I related,)

43) Αυτὰρ ἐπὴν πόσιος τε καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔον ἔντο.

44) — ἦ μὲν πρόσθεν ἀρίστη φαίνετο βουλή.

'*Agamemnon*-alias-*Atrides*,
'Whose power like your Name full wide is,
' All's for your ends that now I speak,
'Else Squire *Ketch* my weazen break!
' To you *Jove* gave both Crown and right,
' T' advise and govern folks in sight;
' And eke to terrifie your foes
'(With the bright lustre of your Nose.)
'First therefore you should speak, dear Brother,
' Then condescend to hear another,
' And follow too, if he should be
' A better Counsellor than thee.
' And though your Brains, we know, are few,
' Choice of Opinions given to you;
' Because the want of a good Brain
' Is cover'd with a Golden Chain.
' But now I something utter shall,
' That seems to me the best of all.
' None can a (45) better crotchet know,
' Than which is in my Noddle now,

' And

'And which I evermore have had
'Since, Sir, you were so pocky mad,
'To vex *Achilles*, and to rob
'Him of his Wench to do your job:
'Although I (46) absolutely swore,
'You was too good for such an Wh——
'And earnestly (47) entreated you-Sir,
'To slight the Wench and not abuse her:
'But you forsooth must be so high,
'And huff the gods None progeny;
'A man, whom all the gods (but *Jove*,
'Doth in particular manner) love.
'I say, you huff'd him; for you (48) have
'His prize, and keep it, like a Knave.
'But let us now a Council call,
'That we may make amends for all,
'By sending him words mild as (49) Hony,
'Gloves, Ribbands, Handkerchiefs & Mony.
Atrides strait this Answer gave 'ye,
'O Gaffer, now I cry (50) *peccavi*;
'All that you say is too too true,
'I'le say,——and give the Devil his due.

46) Και γαρ ωμοσσαμην περ τοσον.——

47) μαλα γαρ με ἐγαιρε. Πολλα απαμων Θυμαλγεα——

48)——ἐπει γαρ ἐχειν γερας——

49) Αμοσον μοι λιχιοισι δωρητοις τε πεισον

50) Ἀασαμην

51) — ἐπεὶ τιν' πολλῶν Λαῶν ἄνδρ' ἀνῆκ——

'He was, I think, one of an (51) hundred
'Of *Jove*'s acquaintance, or his kindred;
'And *Jove* now (look, he cries, that speaks!)

* ἐκύδανεν δὲ μάλιν Ἀχαιῶν.

'Hath honour'd him, and * damn'd the *Greeks*.
'But seeing I've done so and so,
[300] 'It can't be otherwise you know:
'And yet to shew unfeign'd repentance,

52) ἀπερέσι ἄπειρα

'I'le give him gifts, and very (52) gentones:
'Nay, you shall hear me count 'um all——
'First, he shall have a quilted Ball
'Made by fair *Mab*, the faireſt Queen)
'The preciest rarity 'er seen.
'And then an Hat with Feather in it,
'And then a dapple *Spaniſh* Gennit;

53) ἑπτὰ δ' ἀπὸ ῥοὺς τειποδίσκους

'Seven (53) joynted-Stools spick and span new,

† δέκα δὲ χρυσοῖο τάλαντα. 54) λέβητας δὲ λέβητας ἑείκοσι.

'And † Silver Thimbles not a few.
'Twenty (54) brass Skellets, which will serve
'To dress his meat, that he may'nt starve.

'Twelve

'Twelve grunting Pigs (55), will fight for grains,
'And bring their Maſter in great gains:
'That man will never want for ſtore,
'And I dare ſwear, will ne'r be poor,
'Whoever doth theſe Pigs poſſeſs,
'So fam'd for valour and ſucceſs;
'Beſides ſometimes, I dare be bold,
'They may from Dunghils rake up Gold.
'But if theſe will not pleaſe him now,
'I'le give him Pigs of his own Sow:
'Seven (56) Butterwenches, which once he
'Himſelf from *Lesbos* brought to me,
'Which I, becauſe they were ſo fine
'And beautiful, choſe to be mine.
'All theſe I'le give him, and beſide
'(57) *Briſlebeard*'s Daughter, his own Bride,
'Which though I took from him in rally,
I'le ſwear I ne'r boarded her Gally,
Id eſt, to give a bounce or two,
As * Men and Women uſe to do:

'And

55) Ἀδμῆτες— συγὸς ἀλφεσίβοιος.

56) Δώσω δ' ἑπτὰ γυναῖκας —

57) κούρην Βρισῆος. —

* ἣ ἴδμεν δρώσας πόλεμον ἀδὲ γυναῖκες.

58)—μὰ τὸν ἐμὸν μακρὸν πάνυ τὸν ὑπὲρ τοὺς ἐπιτυμβίους ἀνδριάντας μέγαν.

'And here this solemn (58) Oath I'le swear,
'By *Garagantua*'s monstrous ware,
'And by *Pantagruel*'s huge Tarse,
'And by the foistings of mine Ar——
'Nay, and I'le swear by that same Od-piece
'Of flesh, hangs dangling in *Jove*'s Cod-piece,
'Which being us'd in Copulation,
'Makes an Heroick propagation;
'Nay, now I'm swearing I don't care,
'If I a thousand more Oaths swear.
'These things at present; but, if we
'Sack *Priam*'s Town by Heavens decree,
'There let him take what e're he please,
'His Cabbins fill with Bread and Cheese,
'Or such substantial House-provision;
'When we shall make the Spoils division,
'And twenty pretty Whores next *Helen*,
'The very fairest, *Troy* do dwell in:
'But if to *Argos* we arrive,
'He shall, as sure as I'm alive,

'B

Be made my Son in Law, and shall
An equal love with mine own Heir,
Mine only Son, the Wag *Oreſtes*,
Who (59) eats and drinks whatever beſt
ads.
I've three Girls brisk as Body-louſe,
Remaining in my well-thatch'd (60)
Houſe;
Rebecca, Suſan, Katharine.
The loveliſt Mopſies, e'r were ſeen;
Theſe (let him take 'um all together,
Or which he will, I care not whether,)
Sha'nt coſt a farthing; rather I
My Daughters dowry will amplifie
To ſuch a ſum, I lay a bet,
None (61) ever gave his Daughter yet.
And here's her Portion, I'le unfold
One Pewter-plate of *Guiney*-Gold,
A Cloak, the glory of our Houſe,
That ſcarce will entertain a Louſe,
Deriv'd through many a Generation
From *Jove*, yet never out of faſhion.

59 "Ος—φιλε
ρπνει δαιτὸς
θαλίης τε μετεστι.

60)—ἐνὶ μεγ
άρῳ εὐπήκτῳ

61) Παιδὸς
μετ' ἔδνα ἕκα
τι βοῶν ἐθέλοι
δαμάσσαι

A

'A rare pinckt-Doublet made of Silk,
'As white (all but three ſpots) as milk;
'Which the rough Courtier, *Her'cles*, wore,
'When he woo'd *Omphale*, thſt Wh——.
'I had the Breeches too; but they
'Being mortal, now are worn away.
'And truly how could they hold ſtich
'Long, againſt ſuch a thwacking breech,
'As *Herc'les* had, which made the Skies
'Themſelves to bow, when he did riſe.
'A pair of good Stockings to boot,
'Only a little out of foot;
'One pair of Sheets, which on my life
'Were given by *Juno* to my Wife;
'And ſeven brave Towns I'le likewiſe add,
'As ſpecial Towns as may be had;
'There's *Bernewel* (let me ſee) and *Kinton*
'The fruitful ground of *Cherry-Hinton*:
'*Cophotia*, where your deaf men dwell,
'*Nullum*, where Honeſty men ſell;

'*Nihil*

'*Nihil*, where Women all are chaſt,
'And *Amſterdam* ſhall be the laſt.
'Theſe Towns (d'ye ſee) may all be found
'Either above, or under-ground;
'Beſides, they're full of folks that will
'Eſteem him very highly ſtill;
'And reckon him as good a fellow,
'As *Scanderbeg* or *Punchanello*, [400]
'Refuſing (62) not their Tithes to pay:
'All this I'le give, if hee'l but lay
'His * bladders down; let him not be
'Too peremptory, for we ſee
'The Devil, (63) becauſe no Prayers move him,
'No gods nor men for guts can love him.
'And let him firſt make good demeanor,
'Becauſe he knows, I am his † Senior.
'And 'cauſe my (64) Kingſhips more than his,
'Or elſe perhaps I'd firſt ſeck Peace:
'For what car'd I for *Tom*, or *Rafe*,
'Or all the World, if Fame's not ſafe.'

62) Καὶ δὲ τοῦ ἀνδρὸς ἀπαμείβετο πολλὰ βίηφιν.

* Bladders, put for Paſſion, by the figure of what do ye call it.

63) —ἀλλ' οὐ μὲν γάρ τι ἐμοὶ χόλος ἐστὶν ἀλάμενος πολέσιν περ ἠδὲ καὶ ὑμῖν.

64) —Ἐπεὶ βασιλεύτερός εἰμι ἐγὼ καὶ † γενεήφι πολὺ προγενέστερος ἄλλων.

I'ld

'I'ld rather Earth's vast Globe unhoop,
'Than leave *Pantoples* first to stoop.
When thus *Atrides* had come off,
Nestor, though troubled with the Cough,
Made shift this Answer to express:
'O flower of perfect Nobleness,
'Thou only bud of Honours tree,
'(Or else *Wharestbud*, all's one to me)
'Your(65)tokens are so fragrant sweet,
'None would * refuse such dainty meat.
'Then let's the(66)cleanest Jips select,
'(Cleanest to shew the more respect)
'Whom we may send to *Achilles* Tent,
'And I'le declare *Sans* Complement
'Their Names — (Cough hinders speaking faster)
'First *Phœnix*, and *Achilles* Master,
'Then *Ajax*, then *Ulysses* brave,
'These men (though one's a fighting knave,
'Th'other a fool, the third a clown,)
'I judge the fittest in the Town:

(65) Δῶρα γὰρ ἐν κραδίῃσι θεῶν ἐρικυδέα θυμοῖς —

(66) Δῶτε δ' ἐγὼν ἐπέεσσι πιθήσομαι ὅττι κε μύθῳ —

'But

But for the Cryers (*A plague rot 'em*)
Ten groats to one, but I'd forgot 'um,
There Mr. (67) *Oddy*, an odd man,
(Like *Oddy* the Antinomian,
That in the Learned Town of *Cambridge*
Preaches and brawls like Belman *Bambridge*,
For the Good cause, or Zealous fellow.)
And (68) *Broadbatt*, of complexion yellow——
'But water bring without delay,
'And ceaſe your chatt, while we all pray,
'Off'ring *Jove* Water 'ſteed of Wine,
'That he would favour this deſign.
This ſaid, he pleas'd 'um ſpecial well,
But ſtrait to work the Cryers fell;
And brought fair water, which, when they
Had waſh'd their hands, they gave away
For a Drink-offering unto *Jove*,
Becauſe they did not Water love;
And therefore, as we may divine,
Only themſelves did bowze the Wine;

67) Κυρίωνος Ἀ Οδίτ. 71—

68)—ὁ Εὐρυάδης—

Which

Which (when they could no drop perceive)
In moderation they did leave;
And now more valiant than before,
69) ἀρημῶν τ' ἐκκλίσης— Fearleſs bid (69) Porter open door.
70) —γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ. When (70) Greencoat Hoſtler *Neſtor* told 'um,
71) Δεισίλλων ὡς ἴκελος. (Thinking by (71) nods t'inſtruct and mold 'um)
A many things, but chiefly 'Lyſſes,
To whom he made ſome ſuch ſpeech as this is,
'Only to uſe all means he coo'd,
'To move *Achilles* for his blood.
They to the Sea-ſhoar then repair,
Making to *Neptune* a long Prayer;
And kneeling down far off from *Dover*,
They run their *Ave Maries* over,
Begging in anguiſh of their Spirit
For *Thetis* (take not their own merit)
That they without all hurt or danger
Might mitigate *Achilles* Anger;

But

But after that these warlike Dons
Were come to th'Camp of *Myrmidons*,
Who first (d'ye think) they found by straying,
But the great Rogue *Achilles*, (72) playing
On an old rotten Fiddle, made
By a great Artist in his Trade;
Eetion, (73) whom *Achilles* slew
To gain his Fiddle, when 'twas new.
Twas once well-strung (as men are feigning)
But now had but one string remaining,
On which he'ld harp perpetually,
And learn to sing his Ballads by;
Or if you croft him in his humor,
No Injury could raise such tumor,
'Twould make him puff, and pout, and tear,
And flownce like Horse of my Lord Mayor;
And therefore Authors write, he plaid
Only, that's passion might be laid.
While there † *Patroclus* stood before him,
Laughing, and making horns at's roaring;

72) Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ἐφ' ὁρμίνης τέρπε φόρμιγγι λιγείῃ.

73) τὴν ἄρα τ' ἐξ ἀνδρῶν πολέων πόλιν εὖ ἐπύθοντο.

† Πάτροκλος δ' ἐνὶ οἴκῳ.

* ἑαυτῷ δὲν σιωπῇ. And * to himſelf cry'd *Ha——ha——haw,*
Still watching, leſt *Achilles* ſaw——
But our Don *Pedro*'s on proceed.

† *Ulyſſes* call'd himſelf *Nemo* in *Poliphemus*'s Cave. *Vid.* the Second Part of this, or the *Odyſſ.* lib. 9. 74)—ἔνθ' ἄρ' ἔγὼ κλέα ἀνδρῶν. While † *Nemo* doth the Vanguard lead,
'*Chilles* was ſinging at their entrance
The *Ballad* of the *London*(74)*Prentice.*
Then they ſtood near the ſtout Muſician,
Not doubting of his good condition;
And clapping him o'th' back full ſudden,
Cry'd, what's *Achilles* turn'd *Jack-pudden*?
Achilles ſomething at a ſtand,

* *Harp*, a Poetical word for *Fiddle.* Leapt from his ſtool with * Harp in hand
(As ſome averr) more than a mile:
If ſo, he quickly did recoyl,
Elſe how a Devil ſhould the ſence
Be prov'd, that juſt proceeds from hence?

75) ὣς δ' ἄντυς Πάτροκλος, ἐπεὶ ἴδε φῶτας ἀρίστους. Then arch (75) *Patroclus* left his--*haw*,
When he theſe Strangers coming ſaw;
Whom griping by the truſty Paw,
Achilles kindly thus ſaluted;
'Your welcom, Sirs, ſha'nt be diſputed,

'For

'For you're my Friends, whence you may gather,
'You're all as welcom as my Father.
'Among the *Greeks* I count you Brothers,
'Although I care not much for th'others.
This said, *Achilles* (76) further treats 'um,
And in a *matted-Chamber, seats 'um
On wicker-Chairs; cushions of Grease,
Or *Grecian* Cushions, which you please,
All stuck with Pins, (that fashion now
Would seem a little odd, I trow.)
Then to *Patroclus* thus did say,
'Bring the great Pitcher(77) *sans* delay;
'And fill it full of Bottle(78)Beer,
'And bring a Cup for each man here(79),
'T'avoid all slobbering or infection,
'And bring the best at my direction;
'Be sure you neither spare nor save,
'For they're the lovingest Friends I have.
Patroclus first brought in for Cheer,
Tobacco, Candles, Pipes, and Beer;

76) —πρῶτα δὲ δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς ἥσθ' ἐνὶ κλισμοῖσι. *πίναξι τε συμφορέουσιν.

77) μείζονα κρητῆρα —— χάλκεον.

78) ζωρότερον δὲ μεθείρα —

79) Νῶτα δ' ὑπαὶ ἕκαστον

And after that, at Friends desire,
He set a Pipkin (80) on the fire,
And minc'd some Mutton in it small,
With Veal and Pork, and Bread and all.
Antomedon (81) did hold the dish,
And great *Achilles* (82) had his wish
To cut the meat; while sitting nigher
His friend *Patroclus* (83) blew the fire.
Then on the Coals a Gridiron squats,
And on the Gridiron he broyl'd *Sprats*.
When they were done without least fault,
He like a Cook the *Sprats* did salt.
Then placing on the Table, Bread
In fine wrought-Baskets, Grace he said;
While on each Trencher great *Pelides*,
(Whose mouth than *Billingsgate* more wide [is,)
Was pleas'd to lay an equal share,
Though something more he meant to spare
For his own self, which he deserv'd,
Because himself at Table serv'd.
Then, seeing what at bottom stuck,
Cry'd, I am content with Pipkin-luck.

80) αὐτὰρ ἔγε κρέων μέγα κόλλεσεν ἐν πυρὸς αὐγῇ.

81) τῷ δ' Ἀντομέδων —

82) πλησιον δ' ἔεν δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.

83) τῷ δ' Μενοιτιάδης δαΐων μέγα.

At

At this——he squats(84)his heavy Bum
On th'other side the Dining-room,
Before *Ulysses*; but the thump
He gave the form with brawny Rump,
Made *podex* stink; which being hot,
Fir'd off a clever Volley-shot.
Then *Ajax* lifting up his Bowl,
Cry'd out, Gramercy soisting Soul.
Ulysses pledg'd, and swore, That Fart
Was token of a valiant heart.
But *Phœnix*, if he farts no faster,
(Said) he would never match his Master.
This was the Table-talk; but strait
Achilles interrupts the Chat,
And bids *Patroclus* (85) sacrifice
The rest unto the Deities.
But had not *Jove* well-din'd that day,
He might have fasted, Authors say,
For all the meat *Achilles* gave him.
Though he desir'd him to save him
Some *Cheshire*-Cheese, yet he forsooth
Sav'd nothing worth *Jove's* licorish-tooth.

84) αὐτὰρ ὁ γ' ἐσσεύοντο Ὀδυσῆος δῖοιο πὶ χθὶ τετιγώς.

85) δαῖτα δ' ἔπειτα δύμεν ἀνάγειν Πατροκλῆι.

Thus then they eat, and when they'd done
(Their Teeth now ſtill) their Tongues
ſhould run:
But firſt * a Pack of Cards was lay'd
Upon the Table, ſo they play'd
At *Langtre-loo* (elſe Fame's a liar)
For Pins; but after 'ventur'd higher;
And (that I may not lack a Rhime)
Play'd for a Farthing every time.
But when their ſtock was Loo'd away,
They huff'd, and would no longer play,
Calling *Achilles*, Cheat and Gull,
And *Nincompoop*, and Hawk-nos'd Owl;
But when they'd ſcolded bellies full,
Firſt, *Ajax* (68) bobd *Phœnix* o'th' Noſe,
And he trod on *Ulyſſes* Toes;
The ſign being known, that ſubtle Rogue
Filling a bowl, did thus collogue,
'Hail Great *Achilles*, now I'bſerve
'We ſcarce ſhall in three hour ſtarve;
'Such plenty, (*Jove* be thank'd and you)
'(Often at home) now here I view.

'Yet

* Hence there may be cauſe to ſuſpect that Hiſtory, how the *Lydians* invented Cards in a Famine. Here likewiſe Chronologers may obſerve, That this Embaſſie was about *Chriſtmas*, and ſo by conferring may better determine the time when *Hector* was ſlain, which hath not as yet been exactly found —— Δῶρα. 86 Νεῦε', Αἴας, Φοίνικα, νόησε δὲ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς.

'Yet 'tis not † Feasting we much matter,
'But Oh! our eyes run down with water.
'And with sad hearts our Captains whine,
'As fearing Fates have some design
'Against our weal, and Faith we doubt
'Whether our Boats will 'scape this bout,
'Or perish; but should you appear,
'(Your * plaguy Nose) we should not fear.
'The *Trojans* and their strength Auxiliary,
'Have planted so their fierce Artillery,
'Against our Bulwarks, and so near
'Our Camp their Bonfires do appear,
'Youl'd think both Parties but one Host,
'And they themselves do make their boast.
'That now all 'pedements are(87)gone,
'They'l fall upon our bones anon.
'*Jove* so assists the Puppies still,
'And claps them on the back to ill,
'Crying, Go on, brave Boys, I say,
'If *Jove*'s for you, ne'r doubt the Day,
'On which fierce *Hector* so relies,
'He scorns both Men and Deities.

† Especially now his belly was full.

* This he speaks softly, or else *Achilles* had more Nose than Brains to take such a Crowder.

87)—ἀλλ' ἴτε φῶτα σχήσετε· ἀλλ' ἴνα νηοὶ μελαίνῃσι πρόσθε.

88)—μέγα φρονεῖ βλακεύεται. 'And (88) ſtaring like a new-ſtuck Pig,
'Speaks words, and acts things mighty big.
'And (being Horn-mad) with direful freaks,
'He vents his furies on the *Greeks*.
'And only now wiſhes broad-day,
'Wherein he will (as he doth ſay)
'Cut off our Lighters Noſes, and
'Then fiz their Tail with Firebrand;
'And ſlaughter at his will the *Greeks*,
'Being ſmoak'd like Onions, or dry'd Leeks.
'Theſe apprehenſions make me quake,
'Leſt theſe foul threats effect ſhould take.
'And ſo alas! 't ſhould prove our fate,
'To die in *Troy*, when 'tis too late
'Home to return; but Sir, if you
'Will but one favour for us do,
'Riſe up and ſhew your ſelf a man,
'Then let the Rogues do what they can.
'But if too late you chance to aid us,
'And chowſe the *Trojans* that invade us.
'What pleaſure will thoſe dead-men do,
'Whoſe very ſight will make one ſpue?

'When

'When an ill's done, none can prevent it,
'But he's the man that first can stint it.
'Therefore my pretty Bully-rock,
'Advise, how you may soonest knock
'Your Foes all down, and drive away
'From *Grecian* Fleet their fatal day.
'My precious *Pipin, sure your Sire [* Ἄ πέπον.]
'Did better thoughts that time inspire,
'When from (89) *Pyecorner* he did send 89) - Ἴτω ὅ' ἐκ Φθίης Ἀχιλῆος πέμπετε πόμπον.
'You, *Agamemnon* to attend.
'Dear Chuck (quoth he) ne'r doubt success,
'*Pallas* and *Juno* will express
'Their Love to you; yet make no Riot,
'But keep your surly Spirits quiet.
'Hony you know's sweeter than Gall,
'And Complaisance is lov'd by all.
'Therefore no strife nor quarrels brew,
'The Devil take you, if you do.
'Thus spake, the Cuckold, I remember,
'But you forget his Precepts tender.

'And

'And yet, if you will leave your wrath,
'And keep your puffing for your broth,
'*Atrides*, like a Civil friend,
'Proffers fine Giggumbobs to send;
'And if you will but lend an Ear,
'I'le tell you every word (as near
'As I remember) which he sed
'Last night, before he went to bed;
'In presence of this learned Cabal,
'And many Persons more of Qual-
'ity:——And first before them all
'He promis'd you(90)a quilted Ball;
'And then an Hat with Feather in it,
'And eke a dapple *Spanish* Gennit;
'Seven joynted Stools, spick and span new,
'And Silver Thimbles, not a few.
'Twenty brass Skellets, which will serve
'To dress your meat, that you mayn't starve.
'Twelve grunting Pigs, will fight for Grains,
'And bring their Masters in much gains;

'That

90) For the Commentaries on this Speech, turn to *Agamemnon's* Oration above, where χρυσῆ τάλαντα signifies *Silver Thimbles*, Ἵππους συγὰς, *Grunting Pigs*, Βερσῆ & κύρη, *Brisleheard's Daughter*, &c.

'That man will never want for ſtore,
'And he dare ſwear will ne'r be poor,
'Whoever do theſe Pigs poſſeſs,
'So fam'd for Valour and Succeſs.
'Beſides, ſometimes (as we were told)
'They may from Dunghils rake up Gold.
'But, if theſe will not pleaſe you now,
'He'll give you Pigs of your own Sow.
'Seven Butter-Wenches, which from *Leſbos*
'You brought, being Victor at the Croſs-bows;
'Which he, becauſe ſo fair he knew them
'Choſe out to do, *alias* undo, them.
'All theſe he'll give you, and beſide
'*Breſilebeards* Daughter, your own Bride,
'Which though he took from you in rally,
'He'll ſwear he ne'r boarded her Gally,
'*Id eſt*, to give a bounce or two,
'As Men and Women us'd to do.
'And truly in moſt ſolemn habit,
'I think he ſwore his whole Alph-abet.'

'Then

'Then thus proceeded; But if we
'Sack *Priam's* Town by Heavens decree,
'There you may take what e're you please,
'Your Cabbins fill with Bread and Cheese,
'Or such substantial House-provision;
'When we shall make the Spoils division;
'And twenty Captives you'l enjoy,
'Next *Helen*, the bouncing'st Jade in *Troy*.
'But if to *Argos* you arrive,
'He vows you shall, (as he's alive)
'Be made his Son in Law, and share
'An equal love with his own Heir,
'That young Arch-bastard, Wag *Orestes*,
'Who eats and drinks whatever best is,
'He'as three Girls, brisk as Body-louse,
'Remaining in his well-thatch'd House;
'*Rebecca*, *Susan*, *Katharine*,
'The lovelie'st Mopsies, e'r were seen;
'Those (though you take 'um all together,
'Or which you will, he cares not whether)
'Sha'nt cost a farthing; rather he
'His Daughters dowry will amplifie

'To

'To such a sum, he'll lay a bet,
'None ever gave his Daughter yet.
'And here's her Portion, as he told,
'A Pewter-plate of *Guiney*-Gold,
'A Cloak, the glory of his House,
'That scarce will entertain a Louse,
'(For so it is made by art Ma-gick,
'No Louse comes on't but breaks it neck.)
'And though 'tis brought by old Tradition
'From *Jove*, 'tis still in good condition.
'Next a pinkt-Doublet, made of Silk,
'As white (all but three spots) as milk,
'Which the blunt Courtier *Hercules* wore
'Each day he went to see a Wh——
'A pair of good Stockings to boot,
'Only a little out at foot.
'One pair of Sheets, which on his life
'Were given by *Juno* to his Wife.
'Nay seven brave Towns he'll likewise add,
'As special Towns as may be had;

'Barn-

'*Barnwel* the Rogue put first, then *Kyn-*
'*ton*,
'Then the fat fields of *Cherry-Hinton*.
'*Cophotia*, where your Deaf men dwell;
'*Nullum*, where Honesty men sell;
'*Nihil*, where Women most are chast,
'And *Amsterdam* I'm sure was last.
'These Towns, he'll warrant, may be
found
'Either above or under-ground;
'Besides they're full of Clowns, that will
'Esteem you very highly still,
'And reckon you as good a fellow
'As *Scanderbeg*, or *Punchanello*,
'Refusing not *Cherries to pay*;
'All these he'll give, if you'll but lay
'Your bladders down; but if so much is
'The passion of your private grutches;
'Yet let the *Greeks* publick Calamity
'Infect † your mind with noble clemency;
'Then they (be sure) will cry you up,
'Famous for fight, and eke for Cup.

† *Ulysses* here is so far from affectation, that he purposely mistakes the word *Assist*.

'And

And justly too, cause you so well
Can conquer Foes, and Flaggons quell:
But being tipled well with *Nectar*,
You (91) cannot miss of mawling *Hector*;
For he'll come running to your Nose,
And call you *Dastard*, I suppose,
As often he would do to mad us,
Come up and fling huge *Cow-turds* at us,
In rage and fury, thinking we
Should dread those acts of Chevalry.
Thus spake the (92) Many-troped wight,
But he that better was for (93) flight
Than fight, God-wot, this Answer gave
Diogenes, (94) to play the Knave.
Being not honest, I intend,
Not to equivocate with friend:
But all my mind in down right sense,
As I resolv'd to do long, since
I hate that man as I hate the † Devil,
Whoever should be so uncivil
To speak one thing, another thinking,
And eke I hate nodding and winking;

(91) πῶ γὰρ χ' Ἕκτορ ὑλαεις ——

(92) Sept. dicitur πολύτροπος & ἀνὴρ, apud Hom.

(93) πόδας ὠκὺς ——

(94) Διογένες Λαερτιάδη.

† ἐχθρὸς μοι κεῖνος ὁμῶς Ἀΐδαο πύλῃσι &c.

Or

'Or any ſuch unlawful means
'That hide mens thoughts, as ſhells hide Beans,
'Therefore to bring you to concluſion,
'I'le tell you ſtraight my reſolution,
'*Atride* will be an exc'lent man
'For Rhet'rick, if ſo ſoon he can
'Move me to fight, when lately ('Slid)
'I had no thanks for what I did.
'I ſee now, he rewards alike,
'Both them that fly and them that ſtrike;
'And cauſe himſelf's a Coward, I ween
'He honours Cowards, like Warlike men.
'If here they any difference have,
'Be ſure they're both alike in Grave;
'For Captains there no longer fight,
'Nor Cowards for fear themſelves beſh--
(95) Ἀλλ' τί μοι ταῦτα μεμνῆσθαι— 'Yet I that won ſuch ſpoils, of (95) gaining,
'Have not one ſix-pence now remaining;
'Only of Prizes, great and many,
'I now have left but one Mill-penny;

'Although

'Although for them I much endur'd,
'And only was by heels ſecur'd. [800]
'Ev'n as a Bitch (96) that feeds her Whelps
'Doth ſtarve her ſelf, while them ſhe helps,
'Thus I have ſometime watcht all night,
'Drawing Indentures for their right;
'And bloody daies in battel paſt,
'To bring 'um back their Whores at laſt;
'And with a few ſmall Bean-ſhell Boats
'Have won twelve Towns worth thrice twelve groats;
'Nay with my Infantry, I think,
'Have made 'leven *Trojan* Towns to ſtink,
'And all that ever thence I plunder'd
'(Not keeping one my ſelf 'ith'hundred)
'I gave *Atride*, he to content ye,
'Where he gave (97) one thing, kept back twenty;
'Yet he ſome Tokens, I conceive,
'For the Knights and Aldermen did leave,

96) Ὡς δ' ὅτις ἀνὴρ νεοσσοῖσι περ ὀρνὶς μαστεύῃ τετιηῶτ' ἀμφὶς δὲ λάβρον ἠχὴ δ' ἔχεν ἀμφὶ δὲ τίλλει αὐτῆς.

97) — Διὰ πολλὰ δικασσάμενος πολλὰ δ' ἔχησιν.

'And they ſtill have them, only I
'Muſt loſe my prize and my Pigſny,
'In whoſe fine Smock, enwrapt before,
'I us'd to ſleep all night, and ſnore.
'Pray tell me why the *Grecians* fight,
'Why did *Atrides* ſo excite
'All *Greece* to War? pray, was it not
''Cauſe *Paris* piſt in's Brothers Pot?
'Was it not *Helen* to recover,
98) ἢ μοῦνοι φιλέουσ' ἀλόχους μετὰ πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποισιν Ἀτρεΐδαι.
'And does he think there is no (98) Lover,
'Will fight and huff for's Concubine,
'Beſides thoſe two of *Atreus*'s Line?
'I'll warrant there is no ſuch fool,
'But loves his Wench with all his Tool;
'As I for love of her do bleed,
99) — δμωὴν τὴν περ ἐοῦσαν.
'Though (99) ſhe's a Kitchin-wench indeed,
'But now becauſe he's took my prize,
'And plays the Rogue, and tells me Lies;
'Let me not think to coax me ſo,
'I'll not be gull'd twice, will I, no.

'But

'But Master *Roger*, good *Ulysses*,
'With you and the Mayors of other Cities,
'Let him consult, and valiantly
'Bethwack the bones of th'Enemy
'(Which I ne'r think he'll bring to pass)
'Or tell him, he may kiss mine Ar——
'Without mine help he hath already
'Done many things; first he hath Edi-
'fi'd a great Wall of Mortar micle,
'Temper'd with Dung and Fasting-spittle.
'And that being guarded by his Beadles,
'He'th made a Trench all stuck with Needles,
Hobnails, Sparrables, Coblars-Awls,
'Nettles, and Hooks from Butcher-stalls;
'And round the Camp, (oh brave perseverance!)
'He'th made a Moat full of Sir-Reverence,
'Yet all these Warlike (100) preparations
'Cannot resist *Hector*'s Invasions.

(100) ἀλλ' ἦ' ὡς δύναται σὺν θεῷ ἔστω — ἴσχειν

1)—ἔρεξε δ' ἐγὼ μετ' Ἀχαιοῖσιν πολέμιζον ἐκ ἐθέλεσκε μάχην ἀπὸ τείχεος ὄρνυμεν Ἕκτορ.

'But when I fought (1) my ſelf, Ai! marry Son,
'*Hector* durſt never leave his Garriſon.
'And never did I think much more,
'Than fling out Piſs-pots from the door;

2) — φυγὸν ἔπεμπεν.

'Pelt us ſometimes with rotten (2) Figs,
'Or Coals to burn our Periwigs.
'One time my ſcolding prov'd ſo tart,
'It vext the Rogue to th' very heart,
'And made him ſnatch his Cudgels up
'Vowing revenge (3) before he'ld ſup.

3) Ἔνθα πολὺν ὄλεθρον ἐμοῦντε μόγις δ' ἐμὲ ἔκφυγεν ὄρμῃ.

'But when he ſaw no huffs would ſhake me,
'He * fled, and bid the Devil take me.
'And then for joy I gave a ſhout
'Though late I lookt like any Clout.
'But now becauſe to fight I ſcorn,
'When Breakfaſt's done to morrow morn,
'As ſoon as ever Sluggards peep
'I'll launch my Boats into the deep.
'You'll ſee them ride on th' *Helleſpont*,
'And men a rowing, as they are wont.

'But

'But, if Winds favour on my word-a,'
'We'll in *Pyecoyner* ſup the third day.
'There I left many things together,
'When (with a (4) Pox) I firſt came hi-
ther;
'But hence my Silver, Gold, and Braſs,
'With many an handſom juicy Laſs,
'I'll carry home —— with all my Cop-
'per, and ſet up a Braſiers Shop.
'But that ſame knave, that gave a
thing
To make the Devil a Gold-ring,
'(Which is a Proverb Poets feign,
'That means to give, and take again.)
'Pray tell that Villain all I ſay
'Aloud, and plainly at broad-day;
'That all the *Grecians* may defie him,
'Whoever have been chowſed by him.
'A Brazen Raſcal! though he be
'So bold, he dare not look on me.
'Ev'n as he brews ſo let him bake,
'For I no more his part will take.

4)—ivsdh
Vijay

'Once on me he hath put a trick,

5) Ἀκηλᾶ — ἀϊδήτω. 'But shall no more; Well--well--(5) Old *Nick*

'Will once reward him for his pains,

'For *Jove* hath took away his brains.

'I scorn his gifts, though rich and rare (man)

[900]

6) — τίω δ' ὅμως ἐν κραδίῃ. 'And look upon him as a (6) Carman.

'Nay, though he gave thirty times more

'Than what he has, or had before,

'Or all the wealth that *Orchomene*,

'Or the *Egyptian Thebes* contain,

'In which (as Stories say of old)

'The Chamber-floors are pav'd with Gold,

'Diamonds are there no precious gems,

'But lie like Pebbles in the *Tems*.

'This City hath an hundred Gates,

'Emboss'd about with costly Plates,

'And each one hath two hundred Warriours,

'(That learn to ride and fight at Barriours)

'Nay

'Nay, though his Presents should exceed
'The numerous Vermin he doth breed;
'Yet I sha'nt love *Agamemnon*
'Till to *black Harry* he be gone.
'But for *Atrides* greasie Daughter,
'Shee'l hardly make my Chaps to water.
'No,-- though as chast as *Venus* she,
'As rank a Scold as *Xantip-pe*;
'Yet I'll not have her, let him take
'Some tatter'd Rogue his Son to make;
'For if I e'r my Country see,
'My Dad himself shall marry me;
'For about *Snowhil* and those quarters,
'And near *Pyecorner*, good mens Daughters
'There are, some (7) Aldermens, and others
'Whose Sires are 'Squires, Whores their Mothers.
'Of these the prettiest I will take,
'And her my fitting (8) Doxy make;
'Fitting ('cause, as they love Mankind,
'So I to Women am inclin'd.)

7) Κουρης Αγεσιλαο πολυβοτειρα γυναικα.

8) — ἑκυρην ἀκοιτιν.

'Thus we two, jig and jole together,
'Will live on what's left by my Father;
'For troth I think it no good Polity
'To die in *Troy*, and leave this jollity;
(9) ὦ γὰρ ἐμοὶ λυχνὸς ἀντάξιον. 'And (9) faith I count my life worth more
'Than ever *London* was before
'The Fire; and have more pleasure in't
'Than all th' *Exchequer*, or the *Mint*.
(10) κλαπεὶ δὲ τετράπους πο- 'For lose an (10) Ox, Horse, Sheep, and yet
'You may again those Creatures get;
'Nay you may, when you lose a * Stool,
'Find it again, if you're no fool:
'But lose your life, and I dare swear,
'When once it's whiskt into the Air
11) The story may be seen at large in *Cambridge Jests*, which may be *Achilles* was vers'd in, to drive away his solitude. 'You'll ne'r regain it; though, when you're dead,
'You search (like (11) Carpenter) for head.
'My Mother, when I did importune,
'Being a Witch, once told (12) my fortune,
'That of two fates I should have choice,
12) Μήτηρ γάρ τι μέ φησιν — 'And thus she strain'd her squeaking voice;

'If

'If you go to the Wars at *Troy*,
'There is no remedy, my Boy,
'But you must die; whence you may gather,
'You'll ne'r go home to see your Father.
'Which must be true I'll lay a flagon,
''Cause *Mars* is in a fiery *Trigon*.
'But if you quarrel with no *Trojan*,
'But homeward to your Country budgeon,
'Then I by Magick can relate,
'You will go home in spite of Fate.
'But *Homer* then shall never know ye,
'And so no Fame at all bestow ye;
'And yet your lack of Fame shall be
'Rewarded in an high degree
'By a long-life, because you shall
'(If you ne'r die) not die at all.
'This is as sure as any Club,
'(*Jove* keeps the Prophecy in's fob)

'As

'As Aſtrologer-heads ſuppoſe,
''Cauſe *Saturn* now doth *Mars* oppoſe,
''Cauſe *Mercury*'s an Independent,
'And *Sol* the ruler of th'Aſcendant;
'And *Venus* (one that ſo much known is)
'Is Dildo'd by *Cauda Draconis*——
'Which ſignifies, one way or other,
'All theſe great things foretold by Mother.
'This is the real cauſe, my Friends,
'Why I wo'nt fight, ev'n mine own ends.
'And I would likewiſe counſel you
'To be as wiſe as I am too,
'And homewards ſail; for all your powers
'Will ne'r ſhake *Iliam*'s Paſt-board Towers;
'*Jove* doth the People ſo uphold,
'And makes them every day more bold.
'But good men *Dories*, I exhort
'You to your *Greek* Lords would reſort,
(13) ἀγγελίω ἀπίρασθι—
'And tell(13)you Meſſage, adding yet
'The Meſſengers are all beſh——

'(Be

'(Be that(14) an honour fit for Jips)
'And tell 'um they may gather Chips,
'If they no better can deviſe
'To ſave their ſtinking meat from Flies;
'For ſure, confounded dull they be,
'To think their Gifts can alter me.
'Well, Sirs, good night-- but *Phœnix* may
'Lodge here, that at the break of day
'We may ſail home; I'll not compel,
'But if he'll go with us, 'tis well. [1000]
This ſaid, the reſt like Fiſh ſtood mute,
Knowing 'twas folly to diſpute;
Or elſe they had no Logick read,
Or Fear had made them almoſt dead;
But th'Old man *Phœnix* with Sore-eyes
Seeming to (15) weep, at laſt did riſe,
And thus in doleful manner ſpeaks,
(Being it ſeems ſworn friend to *Greeks*)
'If then, *Achilles*, you prepare
'For home, pray travel through the Air.
'By Land you cannot, and by Sea
'Sure you'll not go, deſerting me——
'Yes

14)—τὸ γὰρ γέρας ἐστὶ μέγιστον.

15) δάκρυ' ἀνασχών——

'Yes, but you'll go—and don't intend;
'The Boats from burning to defend,
'Becauſe ſuch wrath burns in your mind,
'And I forſooth muſt ſtay behind,
(16) πῶς ἂν ἐγὼν ἀπὸ σῶν φίλον τίθ' ἀδυσώπητον.
'How can you (16) Child, find in your heart
'From your old *Pædagogue* to part,
'Whom your nown Dad unto you ſent
'That day you with *Atrides* went.
(17) νήπιος ἔπλευ οὐδὲ σάοισιν ἐπιστάμενος πολέμοιο.
'Went like a (17) fool, for you knew nothing,
'But juſt to put on your own Cloathing.
'You little knew the * Warlike faſhion,
† δὲ ἀγορεύειν
'And ſcarce could make a † Declamation,
'Till I ſhew'd you by *Topicks* right,
'How to make Speeches, and to fight.
'And taught you many Arts and Tricks,
'As *Grammar*, *Tactiſts*, *Politicks*;
'Then *Cards*, with *Fox* and *Geeſe*, and then
'The Science of *Legerdemain*;
(18) ἀλλ' ἄγε νῦν ἀπὸ σῶν φίλον τίθ' ἀβίλεσθαι λείπεις.
'In which, becauſe you had ſmall wit,
'I'll not (18) ſo ſoon forſake you yet.

'No

'No, though some Deity * would swear,
'He would my dancing-days repair,
'And make me such a sanguine Lad
'As when through *Greece* I run from Dad,
'(Scolding *Amyntor*, that (19) Whore-Master)
'I think the Devil could scarce run faster,
'But 'cause you ne'r have heard the story,
'If you'll attend here I ha't for ye.
'Once on a season (to be short)
'My Father kept a Whore for sport;
'And so my Mother quite neglected,
'For he the other Whore respected.
'But then my Mother 'mong hard stones,
'Fell down upon her Marrow-bones;
'And (20) beg'd that I, (she knew I had 'um)
'Would give a clap unto this Madam,
'She was a pretty Girl, 'tis truth,
'In flower of beauty and of youth;
'And thereupon I ne'r deny'd it,
'But having won her, quickly did it.

* Εἰ δ' αὖ μοι νῦν αὐτε θεὸς ὣς γήραος ἄμμε θοῖο ἐθείρειεν μετὰ θυμόν.

19) — Ὀρμενίδαο.

20) — Εἰ δ' αἶψ' ἐμοὶ κεν ἐπιπρὸ γένοιτο μνηστὴ καὶ ἐρατὴ καὶ ἐπήρατος ἠδ' ἐχθήσει γένηται.

My

'My Dad renewing his old *knacks*,
'Now being ancient, got the *P*——
'And soon perceiving his condition
'He swore hee'ld be the Maids perdition,
'If she conceal'd her secrets longer:
'Then she confess'd, 'twas I that wrong'd her.
'I heard at Stair-foot all she se'd,
'And softly then advanc't my head;
'Where he though pissing soon beheld me,
'And almost with the Piss-pot fell'd me.
'But when he saw me 'scape that bout,
'In direful Curses he burst out;
(21) πολλὰ κατηρᾶτο τοῖς ἀπὸ Ἑκάτης καὶ ἐπικλᾶτο Ἐρινῦς.
'Invok't Hell, Fiends, (21) Furies together,
'And wish'd my Testicles might wither;
'That none might from Man *Tomas* spring,
''Cause he had done so foul a thing.
'But *Pluto* and damn'd *Proserpine*,
'Deaf to good Prayers, did soon incline
'To all his devilish Curses, and
'I never since could make it s——

'The

'The thought whereof so troubled me,
'That every where I seem'd to see
'The Ghost of *Bob* with dreadful visage,
'To threaten me for its hard usage.
'One time I dream'd, a multitude
'Of Maids and Women we pursu'd;
'Like *Thracian* Tom-boys, who did tear
'*Orpheus*, because hee'd cut off's Ware
'In hate of female Venery,
'E'r since hee'd lost *Eurydice*.
'And truly they had torn me too,
'If I had not got a *Dildoe*;
'Which 'cause I was so slight a Dogger,
'Methought they took it for true *Roger*.
'* Next Morn I thought it no great matter,
'If I should kill th'Old fornicator;
'But that in midst of furious scope
'I look'd at th'end and saw a --Rope.
'Then(22)how to flie I cast about,
'But Friends would ne'r let me go out;

'But

* These Verses in Greek, though they are rejected by *Aristarchus*, as of bad Example, you shall find in *Plut. de audiend. Poet.* beginning thus, Τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ βάλλοντα κατὰ δάκρυ ἐξέϊ χαλκῷ, &c.

22) Ἀτὰρ ἐμοὶ ἄκλειν ——

'But us'd me very well, it ſhould ſeem,
'With Sugar-ſops, with Curds and Cream,
'Cordials, and Diar-bread and Figs,
'And Ginger-bread, and Cakes and Whigs.
'Thinking perhaps with ſuch choice diet
'To ſtop my mouth, and make me quiet;
'And ever, when I had well fed,
'Twelve Maids conducted me to Bed.
'Thus I nine nights was forc't to ſleep,
23) ὅι μὲν ἀμοιβαίως φυλακὴν ἶχον —— 'Whilſt they by turns (23) ſtrict watch did keep.
'And all the while there ſtood a Torch
24) —πρόθυρον θαλάμοιο θυρέων. 'At (24) Chamber-door, 'nother in Porch;
'But for all this on the tenth night,
'The Maids being gone, it ſeems, to ſh——
'I dreſt my ſelf, and in a fury
'Broke op' the Doors, I will aſſure ye,
'And Bread and Cheeſe with other food in
'My pockets cram'd, and ſome Black-puddens;
'Then leaping o're the Garden-wall
'I ſcap'd the Men, and Maids and all.

'There

'There, through the Country I did creep
'Unto (25) *Pyecorner* fam'd for Sheep;
'Where the Cook *Peleus* took me in,
'And said that I was of his Kin.
'Much of me as his Son he made,
'And kindly taught me all his Trade.
'And when that I was better grown,
'He gave to me a Shop of m'own;
'Where I liv'd in Cook-*Laurel's* Art
'Betwixt the (26) *Dolphin* and the *Hart*;
'And there my Child I nurtur'd thee
'And lov'd, because thou lov'dst me;
'And never couldst endure a seat
'With any, but my self at meat.
'Nor would a standing-Stool serve thee,
'But thou must sit upon my knee;
'And dandled there, I must forsooth
'Adapt each Morsel to thy Tooth;
'But yet to tell you, Sir, the truth,
'After your Guts full well were cram'd,
'Your Belly-sluce being unramm'd

25) Φθίην—μυλήεσσ μάλην.

26)—Δολιχόσκιον ἀνδρῶν.

'Out would the morſels fly amain,
'And to the Plates retire again.
'Nay, and ſometimes taking a nap,
27) μυλλοι μοι κατίδ-ουσι σὺν πάσησι χίτωνα, οἷσιν ἀποκλύζων ἐν νυκτὶ μύλλομαι. 'You'ld ſpew a Gallon(27)in my lap.
'All this I've overgone for you,
'And many other hardſhips too.
'Hoping, becauſe I had no Child,
'That you (but lo! how I'm beguild)
'Should be the Heir to my poſſeſſions,
'And take my part on all occaſions.
'Dear *'Chilles* therefore ceaſe your ire,
'The gods themſelves (I am no Liar)
'Though ſometimes vext with Mortal men,
'Are very quickly friends agen.
'And gods are better (ſure) than you,
'And of more fame and vertue too.
28) καὶ μὲν τὰς θυίσσε- 'Yet men with Vows, *Spaniſh* Tobacco(28)
'Good meat, and other things they lack-o.
'May all their fury mitigate;
'Nay, though a man prevaricate.

'If

'If he but prays for abſolution
'They'll give it him without deluſion;
'For Pray'rs from *Jove* derive their race,
'Lame (29) Jades with Pockholes in their face;
'With furrow'd Cheeks and purblind Eyes,
'Yet heal all miſchief, whence they riſe;
'Miſchief's(30) a luſty ſtrapping Laſs,
'So nimble, ſhe doth Pray'rs ſurpaſs
'In running, skips ye here and there,
'Still brooding Trouble every where.
'But if Pray'rs follow, then be ſure,
'What ever wound was made, they cure,
'And heal the hurt Offenders have
'With Chamber-lye and Pilgrim-ſalve;
'Salt-liquor of their goggle Eyes,
'And other wondrous remedies.
'Now they love men of good Conditions,
'And always grant 'um their Petitions:
'But when Folks obſtinate remain,
'They to their Grandſire *Jove* complain;

29) Χωλαί τε ῥυσαί τε παρ' ὄμματα λοξώπιδες τ' ὀφθαλμώ.

30) ἠΐ' ἄτη σθεναρή τε καὶ ὠκυπόδης ἀρτιπ—

'And pray that he would miſchief ſend 'um,
'That by foul means he may amend 'um.
'Then Sir *John 'Chilles* don't deny
'To honour Pray'rs (*Joves* Progeny)
'Who when they do a good man ſee,
'Who knows not their deformity,
'('Cauſe good men uſually are * blind)
'Are ne'r deny'd a favour kind.
'Had now *Atrides* ſent me ſtore
'Of Preſents, nor had promis'd more;
'But had he ſtill with wrath been fir'd,
'I ſhould not then have you deſir'd
'To cool your Paſſion, nor to help
'The *Greeks* for love of ſuch a Whelp.
'But ſince that he hath ſent you ſome
'Gifts, and hath promis'd more to come;
'Nay, and hath ſent the beſt (31) Lolpoops
'Selected from the *Grecian* Troops.
'Humbly t'implore you, ſuch, I ſay,
'With whom, when young, you us'd to play.

'Let

* 'Tis thought *Homer* ſpoke this for his own ſake.

31) ἄνδρες ἈΧαιοὶ λίσσονται ἐπιπρέπουσιν ἄριστοι.

'Let not their Speech and Journey too
'Prove vain; then none shall e're blame you
'For former Pettishness, but be
'Glad for this present Courtesie.
'And now I think on't I can tell
'Stories of Hero's that befell;
'When, though in Passion they were witty,
'And for great Bribes were mov'd to pity. [1200]
'But one, I never shall forget,
'Which my Old *Granny* would repeat,
'When in her turn she told a Tale
'In *Christmas* time o're Pot of Ale.
'And thus the business, Sir, was wrought,
'The (32) *Cowards* and the *Wittols* fought
'Near *Haledon*, till on each side
'All that were slain, in Battel dy'd.
'The *Wittols Caledon* defended;
'*Cowards* to burn it down intended.

32) Κρῆτες τ' ἐμάχοντο, καὶ Αἰτωλοί—

'And thus the quarrel did begin;
'*Diana* for Old *Oeneus*'s sin
'(For at the time of Sacrifice
'He gave to all the Deities;
'But as for poor *Diana*, she
'Could not obtain from him her Fee.
'Whether he did forget(33)profoundly,
'Or would not give, he paid for't soundly)
'For this, I say, being vext at guts,
'A Boar into his ground she puts;
'Who rent up Trees, devour'd his fruits,
'And spoil'd a pair of *Oeneus*'s Boots.
'Against this Boar stout *Meleager*
'Went, with a *Pistol and a Dagger;
'And dogging him about, at last
'Lockt him in's Father's Stable fast.
'Then to the door our Warriour comes,
'Tempting the Boar with both his Thumbs.
'Boar, in revenge of such a scoff,
'Ne'r doubted now to bite 'um off.

(33) ἢ λάθετ' ἢ οὐκ ἐθέλησεν, ἀάσατο δ' ἁπάσῃ θυμῷ.

* This story *Homer* hath a little otherwise; but this being found in the *Vatican*, among *Meleager*'s M.S. which he might confess at his death, I take it to be more authentick here.

'And

'And ſo ſnaps at 'um, he ne'r lingers,
'But claps in Piſtol 'ſtead of fingers.
'Off went the pop, but you may gueſs
'The Boar ne'r eat ſo hot a meſs;
'And therefore feeling belly grumble
'Kickt up his heels, and 'gan to tumble.
'He knowing dead-Dogs will not grin,
'With Tuck in hand boldly went in.
'And then he ſaid he kill'd the Boar,
'Though, as I ſhew'd, 'twas done before.
'He therefore now doth tear his Breeches,
'And almoſt cracks his Twatling ſtitches.
'Sprinkling himſelf with blood of Foe,
'And vap'ring thus, to th' reſt doth go,
'Whom he had left a League behind,
'(Waiting till he the Beaſt might find)
'And ſhews his Breeches and the gore,
'All which he ſwears was done by Boar:
'But then to ſhew how well he ſped,
'From under Cloak he pulls the Head;

'And told the Folks, how void of fears
'They now might ſhake the Boar by th' Ears,
'In ſhort, the quarrel here(34)was bred
'About the Boar, and's rotten Head;
'The *Wittols* ſaid, the Skin was meant
'To be the *Cowards* Tegument.
'To whom the *Cow'rds* reply'd again,
'Twas well for them the Boar was ſlain;
''Cauſe from his Head they might by ſtealth
'Pick Brains, for uſe of Commonwealth.
'Theſe words fore-runners were of blows,
'Whence both theſe Pariſhes prov'd foes.
'Now to the ſtory; While *Meleager*
'Did in this battle fight and ſwagger,
'The *Cowards* ever went to rack,
'And though full many, ſtill gave back.
'But when *Meleager* 'gan great ſcuffles,
'And needs would ſtand on his Pantofles,
'(This miſchief all from Choler roſe)
'He gave great 'vantage to his Foes.

34) Ἦλε ἀμφ' αὐτῷ δῆϊς πολλῶ χαλκάδοντ καὶ αὐτὸν ἀμφὶ συὸς κεφαλῇ καὶ Ἄρμασι λαχνήεντι Κούρων τμήσσεσθ καὶ Ἀπυλοίων ——

'For

'For being vext at Mother's ſtrife,
'He kept within doors with his Wife;
'Fair Maid, the Daughter of (35) *Mare-piſs*,
'And Gran-daughter, if I don't miſs,
'To Gammer (36) *Evans*, and old *Ide*,
'Who when he was alive defi'd
'The ſtouteſt Cudgel-play'rs, and coo'd
'Shoot with a Bow like *Robin Hood*.
'Who for a Wench (37) being vext at guts
'Beat † *Pheebe* † *'Tollo* at the Butts.
'This was her Gran-ſire; but in fine
'Her Parents call'd her (38) *Magdaline*,
'Becauſe her Mother grievouſly
'Did like *Madge Howlet* weep, and cry
'*To-hoot--to-hoo*, when *Phœbus* ſwore,
'And did by force make her an Wh——
'With her *Meleager* lay in bed.
'Being vext at Mother, as was ſed;
'Becauſe ſhe made a deadly pother
'When he had only ſlain his Brother.

35) κόρη Μαρτίσσης —

36) — Εὐάνης.

37) — ἄνικα νύμφης.

† Φοίβε 'Απόλλων —

38) 'Αλκιόνην καλέεσκον ἰπποδάμοιο γυναῖκα· ἄρ κύτης μήτηρ 'Αλκυόνη πολυτήρατος ἔσκεν ὅττιν' ἔχουσα καλὴ ὀπιπεύουσα ἐκήβολον ἀγλαὸν υἱὸν —

'Her

'He did no other harm at all,
'Yet ſhe was mad for thing ſo ſmall:
39) πολλὰ δὲ καὶ χθονὸς οὐδας ἐλάκτα. 'And therefore (39) ſtamping on the ground,
'A thouſand times ſhe call'd him Hound;
'And on her knees did mildly pray
'The Devil would take her Son away.
'Beſides, whenever he came in
'She'd ſtrait her ſcolding Cue begin;
'And evermore 'midſt Curſes fell
[1300] 'She'ld fairly wiſh him ſent to Hell.
40) πύργων βαλλομένων. 'But at this time their (40) Tow'rs were ready
'To fall, at leaſt they ſtood not ſteady;
'For why the *Cowards* Brick-bats threw
'Againſt the Walls and Flint-ſtones too.
'So that they lay at Rack and Manger;
'But in the midſt of all this danger,
'The *Wittols* ſent their Prieſts and Sages
41)—ὑπεσχέθ-μεσαν μέγα δῶρον. 'To (41) promiſe *Meleager* wages,
'Twenty times more than formerly,
'If he would take the pains to die.

'(For

'(For why Foe fear'd him much 'tis true,
'Since he the Boar ſo ſtoutly ſlew)
'They promis'd him a pretty piece
'Of ground, as any was in *Greece*;
'Which they affirm'd to be as good
'As that where *Pannyer-Alley* ſtood.
'On(42)half whereof young Crabs were ſet,
'But th'other half bore nothing yet.
'Beſides his Father coming once
'Had a foul fall upon the Stones,
'And with his fall the whole houſe ſhook (43),
'Yet for all this he courage took,
'And humbly did implore his Son
'To help; but nothing could be done.
'Then Brethren beg'd, and that curſt Wh--
'His Mother; but he deny'd the more;
'Nay ev'ry School-fellow and Friend did,
'But none his reſolution bended.
'Till he ſaw(44) his own Windows broke,
'And th' Town ev'n now in flames to ſmoke.

42)—τὸ μὲν ἥμισυ ὀλοόφρονα δῖον ὑὸν ἔλασε. ἡ δ' ἕτερον πρόσθεν πεφίδεσθαι.

43) σεῖσεν πᾶλαι κτιτὸς ἐπὶ δῶμα

44) τὸν γὰρ ἔτι δὴ δείσαντες μὴ πόλιν βάλλεται.

'Then's

'Then's Wife it ſeems for her own ſake,
'Chiefly to him this ſpeech did make;
'Husband, the time's now come you'll ſee,
'Thoſe plaguy things foretold by me,
'Which unto conquer'd Cities happen,
'No Gentle-man muſt put his Cap on.
'The Meats that in our Cupboards lie
'Are made a prey to th'Enemy.
'The Houſes are poſſeſt by flames;
'But then the Matrons and the Dames
'Are made a prey to their *Pri--pride;
'Nay, they abuſe the Boys beſide.
'But that which moſt of all I fear,
'Theſe *Cow'rds* like *Danes* will domineer.
'He heard no more(45), but left his place,
'And all with Soot beſmear'd his face.
'Huge Horns he faſten'd on his head,
'And made his Cloaths all over red;
'Then to his Ar——a Tail he ties,
'But needs not to enlarge his eyes.

*She ſtutter'd, that's all.

45 Τῶ δ' ἀείρετο θυμὸς—

'For

'(For they to uſe a Phraſe of *Chaucers*,
'Were hugeous ones, and glar'd like Saw-cers.)
'Then on high Stilts (ſo goes the Fable)
'He walks, to be more formidable.
'In Left hand he bore Wild-fire bright,
'And a huge ſmoaking T——in's Right.
'And thus accountred he aroſe,
'Though ſingle, daring all his Foes.
'The *Cowards* ſaw this monſtrous Evil,
'And cry'd, Alack! here comes the Devil.
'And crying ſo, as who ſhould ſay
'Devil take laſt, run all away;
'But only one was left behind
'Whom he with T—— had ſtricken blind.
'Lo! thus his Paſſion he laid down
'And ſav'd both *Wittols* and the Town;
'Though they ne'r gave his promis'd ſum,
'Becauſe at firſt he would not come,
'This Tale's for your inſtruction pen'd,
'Oh! therefore do not you intend

'After

'After the Boats are burnt to fight,
'But come while Gifts do you invite.
'That *Greeks* with wonted flatteries
'May raise your Coxcomb to the Skies;
'But if you fight (46) without your wages,
'You'll be call'd fool by Sculls and Pages.
Thus spake the Reverend *Pædagogue*;
But oh! y'ill manner'd * well fed Rogue
'(*Achilles* answer'd) Fame I scorn,
'*Jove* will in time exalt my horn
'At his own will; which doth detain
'Me here and shall, while guts remain;
'(Which I pray Heaven may be long)
'But now I'll sing another Song;
'Pray leave your whining and your crying,
'That Whelp *Atrides* gratifying.
'Tis not your duty to take care
'How such a Puppie's matters are;
'For if you are so kind to him,
'I'll tear your Carkass limb from limb.

46) οἱ δ' Ἀχ' ἄστυ δόρυ πρήξειεν φέρεσθαι· οὐ γὰρ ἐγώ γε δόρυ ἐλπόμενος πρὸς ἄλλων. *—διίφρονος—

'Dont

'Don't you know how it you behoves, Sir,
'To love him whom your Maſter loves, or
'To hate him whom your Maſter hates,
'As th' only cauſe of theſe debates?
'Come, you ſhall now board with me here,
'And o're my (47) Servants domineer,
'But theſe ſame Shack-bags ſhall anon, Sir,
'Go back t' *Atrides* with mine Anſwer.
'To Night you ſhall your ſelf confine
'In a good (48) Feather-bed of mine;
'And we'll conſult at Break of day
'Whether we'd beſt to go or ſtay.
At this he gave a Nod with's head
To th' Jip, to make *Phœnix* his bead,
And ſaid 'twas Twelve by Dial-Lunar,
Hoping his Gueſts would (49) go the ſooner;
Although it was not much paſt Eight,
Or at the moſt not near ſo late,
When *Ajax*, *Telemon*'s ſtout Lad,
Some ſuch Expoſtulation had:

47) Τὸν ἐμοὶ βασιλῆα—

[1400]

48) ἐυτῇ ἐν μαλακῇ —

49) —Ὅφρα τάχιστα ἐν κλισίῃς νήστεις μεδίωμεν.

'Diogenes

50) Διογενὲς ἀκριτόμυθε Ὀδυσσεῦ.

'*Diogenes* (50) my Friend *Ulysses*,
'I ne'r saw such a Clown as this is;
'If we such Tattle longer hold,
'Twenty to one our Broth proves cold.
'Seeing all endeavours are but vain,
'Pray let us ev'n go back again.
'If we don't hasten, without doubt
'This News will in *Gazets* come out.

51) —ἀπάγγειλαι δ' ταχιστα χρὴ μῦθον Δαναοῖσιν, ἀ ἐκ ἀγαθὸν σὺ περ ἐόντα δι τὰ καὶ ὧν ἔκπαγλον ὀπίσσεται.

'Tis therefore best, that (51) first we carry
'The News, though bad (and never tarry)
'Unto our Friends and dear Acquaintance,
'Who sit like Men (but very faint ones)
'Expecting all till we come home.
'Mean while *Achilles*, that Coxcomb,
'Swelling with anger and vexations,
'Forgets his Friends and near Relations.
'Hard-hearted thing! Some I have known,
'For death of Brother, or of Son,
'Having 'gainst Murd'rer entred Action,
'Did at the last take satisfaction;

'And

'And murd'rer ſtill his (52) Leaſe did hold,
'Having redeem'd his neck with Gold;
'But th'others Anger was abated,
'And wrath with bribes was mitigated.
'But you for one unlucky Jade(53),
'Have a moſt horrid pudder made;
'And on no terms will yield t'agree,
'Though we'll give ſeven better than ſhe;
'And other things beſides of value,
'But now, dear Cuz, no longer dally,
'Give us reſpect as perſons ſent
'By all the *Grecians* to your Tent;
'And who would fain be thought the moſt
'Friendly to you of all the Hoſt,
Achilles then with Cap in hand Sir,
Fleering at *Ajax*, gave this Anſwer;
'Kind old Acquaintance, Man of might,
'Methinks what you have ſpoke is right;
'But oh! I am fill'd with many Troubles,
'And all my Paſſion boils and bubbles,

52) ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἦν ἄποινα ἐπὶ φρεσὶν ἄσσα θυμὸς ἀνώγοι ἐκτίσας ἀλλ' ἀπέλυσε

53) ἀλλὰ σὲ μοῦνον ἐνὶ στήθεσσι κακὸν κῆρ οἶον

'And my *Welch*-blood flies in my Face,
'When I but think on that disgrace
'*Atrides* laid upon me that time,
'As if I could not easily fat him!
'But for your parts you may go home
'And say, I n'er intend to come
'In Martial guise, for *Greece* to fight,
'Till *Hector*, that same swagg'ring Knight,
54) Μυρμιδόνων δήμῳ — 'Beats up my (54) Souldiers quarters, and
'Knocks down his Foes, that they can't stand,
'And makes their Lighters light with fire;
'But though he comes so nigh or higher,
'As soon as e'r my force he feels,
'I'll warrant you, he'll shew his heels.
This said, they all to part rose up,
55) Οἱ δὲ ἴσαν ἕκαστος ἐὸν δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον — But first took (55) farewel of the Cup;
And, having done, for malice they
(When all was out) flung the'rest away.
56) Σπείσαντες — Though it was (56) Spic'd and Sugard too;
Then having now no more to do,

Away

Away they trug'd joſtling 'gainſt Wall;
But 'Lyſſes he went firſt of all.
Patroclus, when theſe Gueſts were gone,
Bad Maids make *Phœnix*'s Bed anon.
They ſtrait(57) obey'd, and laid on clean
Sheets, Pillow, Rug, and Blanquet green.
And there our Gaffer ſnoring lay
From Nine a Clock until broad-day:
But ſtout *Achilles* (58) on a Bench
Lay all Night tumbling with his Wench,
Phorbas his Daughter, *Moll* the pretty,
Which he had ſtole from *Lesbos* City.
And (59) vile *Patroclus* too (for both
Were Birds of feather I'll take Oath)
With *Suſan* lay in Truckle-bed,
And there on pleaſures Oyſters fed;
Her formerly *Achilles* (knowing
His Friend like him would fain be doing)
Did freely give, having ſubdu'd
The potent Town of *Barnwell* rude.

57) Ἂς δ' ἐπὶ τοὶ βάσαν εὐνὰς ἐϋσσομένας λιτὸν — εἰνὰ τι ῥῆγός τε λίνεόν τε λαμπὸν ἔστορε.

58) αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς δμωῒ παρὰ κλισίης εὐποίητῳ κοῖτον ἐδέξατο παρθενικὴν Φοίνικος.

59) Πάτροκλος δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐλίξατο καλὸν ἐδέξατο δ' αὐτὸν ἐϋζώνοιο.

But after theſe Legats *de latere*

60) Οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ κλισίηνδε Were come into *Atrides* (60) Butte-
ἶσαν Ἀτρεΐδαο ry;
ἵκοντο.

The *Greeks*, whoſe Manners did not fail,

61) — χρυσείοισι κυπέλλοις Gave them a (61) plate or two of
ἕκας Ἀχαιῶν Ale;
δύο πίνετ' ἀλλήλων δ' ἀνερωτήδην ἴκ- And catching each by Bawdy-fiſt,
τ' ἰφίονται. Cry'd, Sirs, you're welcome, pray how is't?

But firſt the King himſelf thus ſpake,

'*Ulyſſes*, (but a Seat firſt take)

'Tell's truly, does *Achilles* prove

[1500] 'Civil, and entertain my love?

'Or does he ſtill damn, curſe and roar,

'And vent his Paſſion as before?

To whom *Ulyſſes* thus reply'd,

'*Atrides* fam'd both far and wide,

'This fellow is a deſp'rate Creature,

62) — Τῷ μᾶλλον πεπιθήσεται ἠδὲ καὶ αὐτῷ —— 'And rather now (62) his Paſſion's greater.

'He ſcorns you and your gifts, he ſays,

'And bids you try all lawful ways

'To

'To keep your paltry Boats from burning,
'And he, he ſwears to morrow Morning,
'As ſoon as Sluggards uſe to peep
'Will launch his Boats into the deep;
'And then began us to adviſe,
'And others too, to be as wiſe,
'As he imagines his Coxcomb:
'In ſhort, he would adviſe us home.
'For we (he ſwore thorough and thorough)
'Should never take this *Trojan* Borough:
'For *Jove* of *Trojan* Squadrons is Chief,
'And ſtirs 'um daily up to miſchief.
'Thus much he ſwore, I'll take my Oath;
'But if you'll not believe my troth,
'Here are as honeſt(63)men, as live,
'Can better Information give,
'*Ajax*, and both the loud-lung'd Cryers;
'But Gaffer *Phœnix* (we're no Liars)
'Being fudled we've left there a Bed
'Spuing, and very light of head;

63)—αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ οἶδ' ταῦτ' ὀνήσεαι εἴ μευ ἀκούσῃ.

'If he will go with 'um 'tis well;
'But '*Chilles* ſwears, he'll not compel.
Thus ſpake the ſubtle Knave *Ulyſſes*,
But all the reſt ſtood mute as Fiſhes;
Not knowing what to ſay that ſtound,
For he was plaguy (64) croſs they found.
But ſtrait the * bawling-whelp *Tydides*
Thus boldly ſpoke to Goodman *Trides*.
'O *Agamemnon*, Lord o'th'Hoſt!
'I wiſh'd, that I had rul'd the roſt;
'Then you ſhould ne'r t'*Achilles* ſent
'Theſe Fools, with ſuch a Compliment;
'For now the Villain ſees we lack him,
'The thoughts whereof will prouder make him;
'And if he vapour'd ſo before,
'Now he will vapour ten times more.
'But let him hang, or drown or rot
'All's one to me, Faith I care not.
'Twill mad him much, to ſee us ſcoff him,
'Therefore let's take no notice of him;

64) μάλα γὰρ κεχολωμένος ἀμφὶς Ἀχιλλεύς.
* βοὴν ἀγαθὸς.

'But

'But now prepare, as I would ha't,
'Our hungry Maws to ſatiate (65),
'And duſt it hard (without this do)
'Drink (66) makes men wiſe and valiant too.
'But when the Blew-nos'd morn appears
'We'll fall about the *Trojans* ears;
'Setting our (67) Horſemen and Redcoats
'In the fore-front to guard the Boats;
'And th'reſt ſhall follow, having got
'Both Powder, Match and Muſquet-ſhot:
'And pray no more moſt Martial wight,
'Do you your ſelf go (68) laſt to fight.
At this they all clapt Paws and ſhouted,
'Wondring at ſaying ſo redoubted;
'And when they'd all well (69) ſudled Noſe,
'With ſleep they did their Sawcers cloſe;
'But Chiefs were hard at *Venus*'s game,
'While Commons only dream'd the ſame. [1566]

65) — πίνωμεν φίλον ἦτορ σίτου —

66) — καὶ οἶνος (τό γάρ μέν θ' ἅδυ καὶ ἀλκή.)

67) — πρὸ νεῶν ἐχέμεν λαόν τε καὶ ἵππους.

68) — καὶ δ' αὐτὸς ἐπὶ πρώτοισι μάχεσθαι.

69) καὶ πότε — στείσαντες ἴσαν κλισίηνδε νέεσθαι.

FINIS.

Deuteripideuteron:

THE

SECOND PART

OF THE

Second Part

OF

HOMER ALAMODE.

Or, A

MOCK-POEM

ON

The Ninth Book

OF THE

ODYSSES.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year, 1681.

XUM

XUM

TO THE
READER.

After that of the Iliads *read this*
of the Odysses,

And see, whether more grateful, or whether more Modish is;

But if neither do please you, as I'll hardly swear it,

When you've read it quite o're and dislike it, forbear it.

For

For he that rejects any Book without reading,

Shews more Malice than Prudence, more Humour than Breeding.

THE

THE

Prefaſhion.

ULyſſes *you muſt underſtand*
Sailing by Water, not by Land,
From a fair Lady call'd Caliplie,
Which in plain Engliſh was a Gypſie;
Sailing, I ſay, was on a ſudden
Snatch'd from the very Helm he ſtood in,
By his Foe Neptune's *Serjeant-*Tritons;
Into whoſe hands when he did light once,
He was ſo dows'd and ſows'd and beaten,
He look'd like one that had been eaten;
Becauſe they did not him empannel,
But duckt him like a Water-Spaniel.
That being toſt about i'th' Ocean
Some eight and forty hours motion,
Sea-ſick and naked, he was caſt
On the Phœnician *Land at laſt.*

Here

Here one Alcinous *reign'd, whose Scepter*
And Crown, and Robes and Court was kept here.
Imagine now our man of Fame
In this King's house; but how he came
Thither, in troth you may go look,
For I'll not tell you in this Book:
But only how, when once they'd din'd,
The King and Queen had both a mind
To hear his story, and condition,
E'r since Troy *taken by the* Grecian.
And hereupon our Knight Ulysses
'Gan story in such form as this is——
But hold, I'll give you first the sum,
Then to the Speech it self I'll come.

THE

THE

Ergo-ment.

ULysses *in this Book begins*
A story of those Woes he reckons,
Were heap'd upon him for his sins,
And first how he was catcht by th' Cicons.
And then he tells a curſed Lie
Of People, that by ſmell do live (hum!)
Then to the Cyclop *he do hie*
And ſhews what welcome he did give 'um.
And how for eating up, unkindly
Six of his Men, he pok'd his Eye out;
And how this Giant groping blindly
About the Cave, let them all fly out.

ANO-

ANOTHER

Argument.

THE *ſum in theſe three words you'l find,*
Cicons, Lotophagios, Cyclop *blind.*

Reader, if theſe Contents content you,
Now with the Chapter we preſent you.

A

A MOCK-POEM

Upon the Ninth Book OF *HOMER's ODYSSES.*

THen having * hawk'd and wip'd his Nose, * A Custome of Ormond.

Ulysses did this Speech compose;

O thou renowned Duke *Alcinous*,

Of all men living the most generous!

I vow it likes me to the very heart

To hear your Fidler play with merry heart.

Who likewiſe doth in Fidling paſs-ſo-well,
The Devil himſelf (1) I think plays ſcarce-ſo-well.
And Faith 'twould be a very fine-thing
(If Commonwealths were of my coyning)
For all the People in the Town
To paſs their Flaggons up and down,
And all the Madams in the City
To ſit and ſing their Baſtards Ditty.
In the mean time I'ld have (2) each Table
To be as thick as e're 'twas able
With all the Rarities that might-be,
Which in my mind would a brave ſight-be.
And then I'ld have the Drawer (3) *Alkeſry*,
And the *Dutch* Puff-cheeks too as well-as-he,
About the Table waiting ſtand
With an huge Gallon-pot in hand;
Which every one, till he was weary,
Should drink in's turn full of *Canary*.
'Tis to be hop'd the *Turk* or *Ruſſian*
Will ſometime bring up ſuch a faſhion;

Which,

1) Θεοῖς ἀναλίσκων ἀνδρῶν. *Dii Gentilium Dæmons.*

2) περὶ δὲ πλήθων τραπέζαι ΣΙΤΩ χρεῶν.

3) μίσθ' ἐν κυπίρῳ ἀφόσσων οἰνοχόος ἐστὶ χρύσεον ἔχων ἀμφορέα. *Namina Grantiacis dudum, benè nota Potis.*

Which, if it had been up before
Such sad † *Conundrums*, and so sore
I ne'r had felt, which have befel-me,
And which I now intend to tell-ye.
Though the memory of them, ten to one
Will break my heart, and then I'm gone.
Yet what a(4)Logger-head am I,
When for my guts I can't descry
Ought of my story head or tail?
But quickned by this draught of Ale,
(And then he rumbled down a Flaggin)
I'll thus begin without all braggin.
And first (A-hum!) I were to blame
If I should longer hide my Name *,
Because 'tis just oh *Alcinous*,
As we know you, so you should know us.
Then after many dangers dire,
Of Battel, † Water, Land and Fire;
The men that in your house you see,
Why? who d'ye think it is, but (5) me?

† *Conundrum* signifies a Debauch, or a Crambe, which is a figurative word for a Mischief.

4) τί πρῶτον, τί δ' ὕστατον, τί δ' ὑστέρην ἐκτελέσω;

* This may serve for a pretty good reason, A-hum.

† The name of the four Elements.

5) Ἤτοι μὲν πρώτιστα δόμῳ ἐνὶ σῷ ἐμεῖο Εἶδες ἐγὼ δ' αὖ ἔπειτα τε φυγὴν ὑπὸ νηλεὲς ἦμαρ.

Yes, me my ſelf, I'll tell you *certes*,
Ulyſſes, Son of old *Laertes*;
ὅστις πάντ' ἀνθρώποισι μέλω κλεπτοσύνῃσί τε μηχανῇσί τε ἔκπαγλος ἔχω κῦδος ἰκάνει.
Who (6) have (I ſpeak it not in bravery)
Been famous o're the World for knavery,
For ſlight of hand and cunning brain,
And knowledge in *Leger demain*.
My houſe doth ſtand ſome furlongs this-way,
In a ſmall Iſland call'd *Ithaca*;
And in this place (I'll be exact)
There is a Mountain well compact,
Which (unleſs *Homer* me deceives)
ἠΐὸν ἀνὰ πτελέην — εἰροσυφλλον — ἀεσσητῆς.
Only gets fame by (7) ſhaking leaves;
Whence many a Fool, that of it hears,
Thinks to get Fame by ſhaking's Ears.
About it many more Iſles are
Near one another, or not far;
There is *Zaeunt* and there is *Samme*,
And there is *Du Du Duli* (Damme
'Tis a hard Name) ὁ ὁ *Dulichium*,
All pretty Iſlands, Sir, how like ye-'um?

But

But *Ithaca* (as I said before)
Is the mid-Island; nay, and more
Lies towards the *West*, but all the other
That way, where we the Sun discover
A mornings (8) when he goeth forth,
'T must needs be *South*, or *East* or *North*;
Unless perhaps, the Sun likes best
To rise, as well as set i'th' *West*.
Which Wise men think can hardly be;
But I think 'tmay, for how know we?
'Tis rough indeed like (9) *Lancashire*;
But there are lusty Fellows there.
And truly that we count a good-place
Where we were born, though ne're so odd-place,
As I prefer'd in all my Travel.
My Country, though 'twas full of Gravel;
I'll tell you, once there was a (10) Goddess
Calypso height, who put off Boddis
And Petticoat, nay, and fine Smock,
And there she shew'd her dainty Nock,

8) πρὸς νιὸ τ' ἠέλιόν τε.

9) τραχεῖ ἀλλ' ἀγαθὴ κεκλῆσθαι ἐνὶ Κρήτῃ.

10) Ἤμὲν μ' αὐτόθ' ἔεισα θεὰ μετὰ δώμασι νύμφη Καλυψὼ σπίσσω γλαφυρῇσιν ἀνάσσειν ἠνωγεμίνη τε πόσιν ἔμεναι.

Plump Buttocks, Breasts, and trembling Thighs,
With many other Rarities.

11) ὡς δ' ἄλλους Κίρκη κατερήτυεν ἐν μεγάροισι— λιλαιομένη πόσιν εἶναι.

And so(11)did *Circe*; but I swore,
Still sight of Count--ry pleas'd me more:
And rather chose to leave them both
Than *Ithaca*, I'll take my Oath;
Though true in some consideration
I follow'd close my Occupation,

12) οὔπω καί τις ἀπόπροθεν ἥσται οἶκον ἐπὶ ξείνῃ ἐν ἀλλοδαπῇ ἐνέπει ἀκέουσα τοκῆων.

While I was with them; but brave (12) house,
And juicy Girls not worth a Louse.
In a strange Country, where you know
Coin of our Language will not go;
And where a Clap * if got, be sure,
Is alwaies very hard to cure.

* Belike *Ulysses* being a Traveller, knew this by experience.

[100]

But now I'll shew you through what hardship
I'm come at last unto your Lordship,

13) ἦ μοι Ζεὺς ἐπέτελλεν.

As was foretold me by one (13) *Jupiter*,
As skilful in the Stars as *Hugh-Peter*.

Now

Now when we'd hois'd our Sails from *Troy*,
Shouting and flinging Caps for joy;
As Devil would have it an huge high Wind
Came farting at our Poop behind;
And where d'ye think at last it pufft-us,
But to the *Cicons*, men that hufft-us?
Indeed I first destroy'd a Village,
And kill'd the People; but the pillage
I parted equally to all,
And then (14) I did the Puppies call,
And bad them make good haste away;
But they like Fools must needs delay.
And many Hogsheads there of Wine
Were troll'd away, and many Kine
Were slain, and roasted on the shore,
But they that eat them eat no more.
For in the Interim (hud's *Dicons!*)
The *Cicons* (15) rais'd their Neighbour *Cicons*.
Who in great multitudes did run,
Like *Robin Hood* and *Little John*,

14) Ἐνθ' ἔπος μὲν ἐγὼ διοτρώπῃ φυγέμεν ἠμὲν ἑταίρους ἠνώγεα.

15) Κίκονες Κίκονεσσιν γειτονόωσι.

And all their Yeomen Company,
In fury tow'rd my Men and me:
Indeed although I'm not judicious,
My nature being ſtill ſuſpicious,
I chanc'd to ſally tow'rd my Boat *,
And left theſe Rogues to pay the ſhot.
Who ranting there it ſeems, and ſpewing,
The Foe came on to their undoing.
Bleſs me! how well they bang'd their Coats,
And with their own knives cut their Throats!
One had his head with Flaggon broke,
And never after one word ſpoke;
For Brains were daſht about his face
And *a-la-mort* he fell i'th' place.
Another,† who was dead-drunk before,
Was kill'd outright now, which was more.
One that had got a *Cicon*'s Wife,*
Did *ipſo facto* loſe his life.
Another * being knockt o're piteher,
Cry'd, I deſire Tomb no richer.

* It was wiſely done in my mind.

† A difference betwixt dead, and dead-drunk.

* That was a down Boy I'le warrant you.

Never

Never were * seen such thumps and bounces,
And blood, that ran in quarts, not ounces!
But Lord! I thought my self in heaven
To see such Sawce at Supper given,
And how by meer instinct of Nature]
I chanc'd my self to 'scape that slaughter.
All morning long our Men, though drunk,
Being Pot-valiant never(16)shrunk;
But when the Ev'ning did incline,
They went to bed before there time.
And being kill'd, they thought it best
To tumble down and take their rest.
Each Ship we(17)had, as Fates did please,
Were lighter by six men a piece.
And all the rest, my self in chief,
Escap'd from death, but not from grief.
So thence we sail'd with weeping Cross,
Yet pleas'd that we surviv'd our loss.
But yet before we sail'd, I call'd(18)
Thrice on those men, whom Foes had maul'd.

* Then it seems *Ulysses* was so good natur'd to stand looking on.

16) Ἔνθα μὲν υἱὲς ἐμοὶ — μύονες πλόον ἠὲ θύραζε.

17) Ἐξ δ' ἀφ' ἑκάστης νηὸς ἐυκνημῖδες ἑταῖροι —— Ὤλοντ'.

18) Αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα μετ' ἀσπαστὸν νέκυν ἄλλον ἄλλοι κλαγγῇ ὀνόμηνα δυστήνων ἑτάρων τοὺς ἔφθιτο δῖος Κύκλωψ —

* Sir

'Sir *Puſhpin*, *George*, and *Ralph* and *Gregory*,
'Come, or elſe the *Cicons* will disfigure-ye.
'Why *Tom*, why *Humphry*, *Dick* and *Robin*,
'Why don't you haſten to your Cabbin?
'*Rowland* and *Jeoffery*, *Jack* and *Jeremy*,
'Prethee let us, not *Charon*, ferry ye.
'*Simon*, *Hugh*, *Simkin*, *Ned* and *Oliver*,
'For ſhame rowze up and venture all over.
'All Gentlemen, *you that were ſlain
'Il'd have you to return again.
Thrice I theſe Names and more repeated,
Till my heart ak'd and blood was heated;
Then † Wiſe men ſignifi'd unto me,
That all my noiſe no good would do me;
'Becauſe when men to Grave are gone, Sir,
'They neither hear, nor can give Anſwer.
'(They ſaid moreover) though they ſhould come
'From them, there would but little good-come,

'Cauſe

* Very civilly done to call 'um.

† Theſe were *Conjurers* to be ſure.

'Cause they would look as pale as Ashes,
'And rotten as a Fruiterers trash is;
'That they'ld do nought but lie like Lubbers,
'So still, as ne'r to mind their Suppers;
'And never on occasion fight;
'Yet walk to frighten folks at night.
If dead Folks are, quoth I, so uncivil,
E'n let 'um go for me to th'Devil.
Then (19) strait from *Jove* a whisking Wind came,
Which plaid us all a very blind-game;
It heav'd our Cock-boats to the Skies,
And blew the Sea-dust in their Eyes.
The fizzing Tackles 'gan to roar,
While Clouds obscur'd both Sea and Shoar;
And no more (20) light we saw for smoke,
Than you see money in my Poke.
Thus on the Star-board we were driven,
The Sails in forty pieces riven.
Which we laid down (21) on Decks profoundly,
Expecting to be duckt now soundly.

19) Νὰεὶ δ' ἐπὶ σφ' ἔπεμπεν ἀήτας βορέλιος νεφελαγερέτα Ζεύς, σὺν δὲ πρήσσεν ἰάλυσα.

20) ἠέρα δ' ἐφράσσατο πᾶς.

[200]

21) ἡμῖν μὲν ἐν νηυσὶν κάθυμεν δοιάζοντες ὀλέθρου.

But

But by and by a plaguy Blaſt,
Which we 'en thought would prove our laſt,
Drove us, as 'twere, with good intent,
And flapt us on the Continent.
There we two (22) nights, and eke two days
Sat * biting Lips (as *Homer* ſays;)
But when the third day 'gan t'appear,
We thought to ſit no longer there
Owling, like very Fools or Wittols,
And never ſeeking out for Victuals.
So raiſing Maſts and hoiſing Sails,
We ſhew'd our melancholy Tails
To the dull ſhoar; while Wind full ſweet
And Pilot joyntly guide the Fleet.
And then, I think, we'd gone ſheer home,
Had not the Sea begun to foam
At *Boreas*, who (while near *Malea*
We ſailed) pufft us out of the way:
So that at Sea † nine days together,
We bandied were by wind and weather;

22 Ἐνθα δύω νύκτας δύο τ' ἤματα συνεχὲς αἰεὶ — πεπλήγοντο φίλῃ κραδίῃ πολέμου τε καὶ οἴδματος ἀντίοντες.

† Where a Devil were they all that while? ſays *Roger*. Why? at Sea, ſays *Ulyſſes*.

That

That, Lord! 'twas pity to behold.
What Changlings we appear'd, with cold.
But on the tenth day (23) we came to a place
So strange, I think you never knew a place;
Th'Inhabitants no Victuals eat;
That is to say, no Bread nor Meat;
But only Flowers, and Posies dainty,
And *Sage* and *Herb of Grace* good plenty.
Nay silly puppies! you'll confess it,
They Water love beyond Sack-posset.
Here 'twas we landed, and at first
In solemn haste we quencht our * thirst;
And after that to Supper fell.
But when we'd eat and drunk pell-mell,
I sent two (24) Pages, and a Cryer,
And promis'd for their pains good hire,
If they would undertake *sans* fear,
To bring word what the People were.
They Pistols take, and Helmets clap-on,
For doubt of any thing should happen:

23) Ἤμεθα δ' ἐπὶ δεκάτῃ γαῖαν Λωτοφάγων, οἱ τ' ἄνθινον εἶδαρ ἔδουσιν.

* With Wine sure, for they just now left the Water.

24) δοιὼ νῦν κήρυκας ἅμα τρίτον ἀντιθέοισιν

And

And so set forward like Couragious,
Till they came to these *Lotophagies*:
These *Lotophagios*, you must know,
Did outwardly no malice shew.
But silly fools with pleasant Posies,
And Flowers sweet held at their Noses;
They them perswade with all their Powers
To stay with them, and live on (25) Flowers.
Our simple Rogues, worse fools than they,
Were so entic'd they swore to stay,
And so neglected to come to (26) me.
Till I was told by one that knew me,
(A Merchant, that was there by chance)
Then toward the Knaves I did advance
With Musquet, Pike, and Bandileers,
And brought 'um back again by th'Ears;
But they still bawl'd for flowers to diet 'um
Till with a rattle I did quiet 'um.
Now knowing well what fools the rest were,
To bear them off, I took the best care
That

(25) ἀλλὰ σφίσιν λωτὸν μελέσθαι.

(26) ὡς ἴδον, ἐπιστήσαντα μέλαν ἄνδρα ἰδόντες.

That could be; leſt they ſhould have mind
To whine for (27) Flowers, and ſtay be-
hind.
'Then ſaid to them, good Sirs, if you be
'Mindful to view *Hobode-hoobe*,
'Or *Bulbeggars*, or th'old Witch goody
Jones,
'Or th'griſly thing *Rawhead* and *Bloody-
bones*:
'Then you may ſtay you here and ſee
'The ugliest ſhapes of any be.
'But I'll aſſure you they'll ſo ſwing-ye,
'You'ld wiſh your ſelves as far † as th' *In-
die*.
Then they took Ship, fearing old ſcores,
And ſhav'd gray *Neptunes*-beard with
Oars;
Still ſailing on with courage (28) ſorry,
Till to the *Cyclop*'s Territory
They came: Theſe *Cyclops* now I'll tell
ye,
Do in their * proper Country dwell ye.
Where truſting *Jove* won't let them ſtarve
(Such kindneſs troth they don't deſerve)

27) ἀνθεμα τις λάσιτο φαγοῦσ' ῥίζησι λελασμέν.

† It's a ſign the *Indies* were diſcover'd before this time.

28) σὺλλεμεναι ἀσπερχὲς ἐρετμοῖσιν ἐρύσσαι.

* Why? where wou'd you have 'um dwell—ah!

The

29) Ἥτοι φυτεύουσιν χερσὶ φυτὸν ἢ ἀρόωσιν.

They (29) never plant at all, nor plow,
But all things grow I know not how)
Red Wheat, Oats, Barly, and plump Vines,
Whose clusters yield them precious Wines.
Which Wines e'n crack both brains and guts;

30) καὶ σφιν Ἄλσος ὑμβρεῖ αὔξει.

Yet *Jove* (30) forsooth this goodness puts
Into their Soil, and with large showers
Augments these Coxcombs fruits and flowers.

31) πῶϊ δ' ἢ δίκαι ἀγορὴ βουλαφόροι ἢτε βουλή.

And yet the Clowns void of all (31) Literature,
Do never keep Courts of Judicature,
Nor Common Pleas, nor Court of Conscience;
But live in Barbarism and Non-sence,
In horrid Caves on Mountains high,
In a confus'd *Pantocracy*.

32) Ἀνὴρ δὲ ἕκαστος ἀνὴρ ἄλοχον δὲ δίδυκεν.

For every man is there a (32) King,
And rules his Wife in every thing;
Their Children are their Subjects only:
Thus they're true Fathers of their Country.

Who

Who swaying royal Log in Paw,
Do (33) value no one else a straw,
But only Subjects; and therefore
Ne'r help a forreign Prince next door.
¶ There is a little Isle hard by 'um,
Not very far, nor (34) very nigh 'um.
There are some Woods in this same Isle,
And in these Woods are bred the while
A hugeous many bearded Creatures,
Call'd Goats; good things, they say, for Eaters.
And in this Island they abound,
Because (35) no footsteps there are found.
Which thing proceeds, as Authors say,
Because no Mortals walk that way;
No Huntsmen enter here with Dogs,
To hunt for Goats, or rowze the Hogs.
Nor is it spoil'd by flocks or ploughing,
But things come there of their own growing.
For *Cyclops*, whom before I mention'd,
In troth are not so good invention'd,

33) ἐπ' ἀλλήλων ἀλίγκιοι.

34) ἔστι σχεδὸν δὲ καὶ πλησίον.

35) ἡ μὲν γὰρ οὔτε ἀνθρώπων ἀτρύπητος

36) οὐ γὰρ κυβερνήσεων ἔστι παρ' αὐτοῖς.

To (36) make them Ships, nor have they Monies,
To set out Fleets, or raise Colonies
As other Nations do, whose wiles
Find way t'inhabit such good Isles.
But though unpeopled this same place is,
Yet not unworthy (37) greater grace 'tis;
For there are Meadows there, I warrant-ye,
And Vines that creep on very gallantly.
But for a Plough there's no Land like it,
It is so soft for share to strike it.
So that yould reap a thwacking harvest,
The ground's so fat and fit for service.
Moreover (38) I observ'd an Haven
To which there is such virtue given,
That there's no need of Rope or Anchor,
But only such as there do hanker,
Will find what e're they wish to happen,
As if they'd *Fortunatus* Cap-on,
Either to stay there, or be gone-Sir,
'Tis only wishing and 'tis done-Sir.

37) ἐν μὲν γὰρ πεδίοις.

38) ἐν δὲ λιμὴν εὐόρμος, ὅθι χρεὼ πείσματος ἐστὶν οὐδ' ἀγκύρης βαλέειν, ἀλλ' ἔξω κλισίηνδε μένειν ἕως κε θέλωσι ναύται ἐπιπλώειν.

And

And from this Haven's head, a brave
Spring gushes forth from dismal Cave,
Which inward swells with bubling Billows,
But is beset about with Willows.
Just here it was we touch'd the Land,
Brought by (39) some Wizzard's Magick-wand,
I'th' night, I think, for we ne'r knew-it
Before we suddenly came to-it.
Nor till we felt it could we see
The Moon, or any Wood for Tree.
¶ But when I wish'd us safe in Haven,
Strait this effect to wish was given,
That close to Land our Fleet was brought.
O wondrous power think I, of thought!
Then we hal'd in our Sails, fear scorning
And on the shoar we slept till Morning.
But when *Aurora* 'gan to peep,
Unscrewing, as it were, from sleep
Our glew'd up Eyes, we rose to † prayer,
Then wandred, wondring, here and there,

39) καὶ τις θεὸς ἐξαπίνης ἐνέφηνε δ' ἰφθίμοισι.

† To pray.) If it was not for Rhines sake it should have been, to prey.

To see the sweetness of the Isle;
But we set out some Whores the while,
40) Ὧρον δὲ Νύμφαι κᾶγες Διὸς—αἶγας ὀρεσκῴους. Who being cunning(40)Jades, begun
To hoop and screek till Goats did run.
Being unaccustom'd to such noise
Under the Noses of my Boys;
41) Δὰ δὲ τρίχα κοσμηθέντες βάλλομεν. Who(41) now stood armed in three Squadrons,
With Dog, Rapiers, and Leather-Aprons.
But with their Cross-bows in conclusion
I think they did most execution.
Twelve Ships there were in all my Navy,
To each whereof nine Groats *Jove* gave me.
42) ἐμοὶ δὲ Λὰξ ἕξηλον εἶμι. But ten(42)fell only to my share,
As being worth an hundred there.
There then we sat, as I'm a Sinner,
43) πρόσαν ἦμαρ ἐς ἠέλιον καταδύοντα—ἠμὶ δαὶ δαιτὸς μετοι. From (43) morn to night at one long dinner,
† Veal was made of Kids and Goats in those days. Tearing good † Veal, and then to carry't
Down our glib Throats; we gorged Claret;
Which lasted still, for you must know
That when we gave that overthrow

Unto

Unto the *Cicons*, as aforesaid,
We took from them full many a Boars-head,
Or (all's one) Hogshead of Wine,
Which serv'd us rarely at this time.
From hence, while I was wiping my-chops
I chanc'd to spy the Land of *Cyclops*;
And saw the smoak, and heard some riot,
But now thought I, 'tis best be quiet
Till belly's full: So I took heed
Nothing to do, but Guts to feed
Till they were e'n ready to crack-agen,
But *Jove* be thank'd some flew back-agen,
By help of finger thrust in Throat,
A trick of Drunkards you must note.
But when the Sun was seen no more,
We tumbled all (44) upon the shore,
O're Dishes, Pots and Cans (uds *Diggars*)
And there we lay as drunk as Beggars,
Snoring until the Day did dawn;
When slipping on clean Band of Lawn,

44) Ἐπὶ τὸν χειμάδιον ἀϊὼν ἐγρόμην.

Gartars and Cuffs in order mide,
I chane'd to call a Conventicle;
Where † having blam'd their last nights dizinefs,
Although I lik'd no drinking buſineſs,
I made them ſuch a Speech as this is,
'Gentlemen Souldiers, whom *Ulyſſes*
'Doth under his Command maintain,
'I'll tell you what; Do you remain
'Here every one, while I e'n trip
'With my Companions, and one Ship
'To that ſame Iſland which you ſee there,
'Only to know what People be there;
'Whether they're merry and will toſs-a-Kan,
'Or whether they delight to * croſs-a-man.
So going firſt abroad, I hallow'd
To my Companions till they follow'd,
And preſently did take their place,
Rowing with Doublets off, apace.
Thus in the *Ship*, whilſt they ſo ply'd her,
I ply'd my † Genius with good Sider.

† Ha! brave Doctor, condemn that in others, which you approve in your ſelf.

* I think they were croſt ſufficiently, for half of the twelve were taken.

† I remember we us'd to do ſo on the River *Cam*.

Yet

Yet scarce could smoak but three Pipes
clean off,
And drink of Bottles some fifteen off.
When sooner far than my expecting
I touch'd the Shoar; whence eyes directing
I plainly saw (or I'm a Knave)
A very large substantial Cave
By the Sea-side: the entrance was very
Well stuck about with (45) Bays and Rose-
mary.
There many Cattel, Sheep and Goats too
Did sleep, instead of Folds and Coats too.
Hard by a Stable you might see
Of Turds, and such like trumpery;
And there did live (46) a monstrous fellow
Ten times as big as *Punchanello*;
Nay, full as big (I scorn to lie-a)
As *Colbrond*, *Rumbo*, or *Goliah*,
As *Gogmagog* or *Ascapart*;
Who kept forsooth his Sheep apart,
And did no company (47) frequent,
Because he had no good intent.

45)—Δάφνῃσι καὶ ἐρυσιπέλμασι.

46) Τὸν δ' αὖτε μόνον ἔσαν ἀπάνευθε νομῆες.

47) ἀλλ' ἄνομα γὰρ ἔργα ἐπεφράδετο ἦσιν ἄνακτι.

And faith he was a wondrous Creature,
48)—οὐκ ἰφ-
χειαόδ᾽ εἰ δὲ
σίτοφάγῳ. Not like a man yclep'd Corn(48)eater.
But if alone you ever found-him,
49)—ἀλλὰ
ῥίψ ὑλήεντι— You'ld take him for ſome woody (49)
Mountain.
His Head ſo like the top appears,
To Caves you might compare his Ears;
Each Tooth he had ſeem'd a ſharp Quar-
ry,
And his Red-ſnout a Promontory.
Like Leaves of Trees appear'd his Locks,
And's goury Shanks were juſt like Rocks.
He was in bulk like *Spaniſh* Carick,
But good of heart as *Guy* of *Warwick.*
A deſperate thing for Joques and clinches,
And a ſtout fellow of his Inches †.
† Yet for all that he was a *Freſhman.*
¶ Here with my Ship, I bad the reſt
To ſtay and look to't they were beſt,
Only ſelecting twelve moſt ſtout,
With port Majeſty I march'd out,
50) αἴγειον ἀσ-
κὸν ἔχον μέ-
θυ οἰνοβαρές. Taking (50) a Cask of Wine to boot
(Good company for men on foot.)

Now

Now this fame Wine (pray give me leave
To tell you) I did once receive
From *Maron*, old *Evanthes* Son,
And *Phœbus*, Priest in *Ismaron*;
Because when we that City spoil'd,
I sav'd his (51) Wife, being then with Child
From ravishing (such things you know
Souldiers to Captive Women do;)
'Cause he was holy to *Apollo*;
For which good turn the grateful fellow
Gave me seven pounds, lest I should pilfer;
And eke a Plate of massy Silver.
But as the crown of all, in fine,
Twelve bottles of the best *French* Wine
He gave me * unsophisticated,
So that his strength was nought abated.
He'ld let no Creature know where 'twas,
But he (52) his Wife, and one young Lass.
And therefore kept the Keys himself,
The best way to secure his pelf.

51) μοι γυ-ναικὶ ἀζομε-νῳ.

* ἀκρήτον.

52) ἀλλ' ἐμὲ αὐτὸν καὶ ἀλλ' αὐτὸς τ' ἀλοχός τε φίλη παρὰ τοῖσι θύρῃσι.

When

53) Ἐν Νυκτὶ ἐμεθύσκετο δῖος Κύκλωψ ἀνὰ εἴλινα μήτρα χεύων.

When he this Liquor (53) us'd to drink,
He'd always blend clear Water in't,
Twenty times more than Wine, and yet
Such sober draughts would drown his wit,
And the very scent would smell so far,
One could not for his life * forbear:
A Cask top full I had of this,
And in my (54) Pouch good Bread and Cheese,
To pacifie all kind of fury.
For well my fore-sight did assure me,
Some deviliſh fellow we should find there,
That lov'd not Justice like such fine fare.
But when we to the Cave were come,
The Man o'th'house was not at home;
But in the Meadows fed his Cattel,
While we made's Houshold-stuff to rattle.
And seeing Cheeses cram'd in baskets,
With huge brown-*Georges* in the Flasquets,

* τὸ γ' ἀπεπαύεσθαι φίλον ἦεν.

54) Ἐν Ἀσκῷ ἱερὰ πυρούσιον—

And

And Lambs and Kids in their enclosures.
I said to my Companions,——O Sirs!
'I need not tell you what to do here,
'And so you're welcome, pray fall too here. [500]
Then we on Cream and Custards fell,
And slasht the (55) Cheese about pell-mell;
And having done, with store of Prog
We thought t'escape; but lo! the Dog,
As out of door I popt my head
Was trudging tow'rd the Cave with speed,
With a huge Log of Wood in's Paw
As thick and long as *Jovest-ha-haw!*
And with the other hand he plaid
On an old Whistle he had made.
At sight of this we pull'd our Ear-in,
Expecting to be sold for Herring.
When down he flung his Log so cruel
(Which he had brought for Supper-fuel)
At the Caves mouth with such a din,
'T made our bones rattle in our skin.

55) πυρὸν αλφίτου ὀδυμερὸν.

† He was asham'd to speak Bawdy you must think.

Whence

Whence we ſought out for hiding-places,
Being(56)frighted with his Monkey-faces.
He Flocks and Kine drove in before him,
But left their Hees without doors roaring.
But I ſuppoſe th'ill-fayour'd Elſe
Would hardly be ſerv'd ſo himſelf.
And then he clapt a plaguy Stone
Before the door, (or elſe we'd gone)
This Stone, Sir, threeſcore luſty men
For guts could not remove agen;
But yet(57)with this he barr'd the door,
As I did intimate before.
And then the Hedge-hog fell to milking,
And ſang as he would tear the Welkin,
At's work; which when he'd done by halves,
Under the Dams they put the Calves.
Then half the Milk (which *Homer* ſays
And proves, was white (58) in former days)
He having curdled, did ſet up
Againſt the time that he ſhould Sup.

56) ἠμὶς δὲ δείσαντες ἀπ' οἰσμὸν ἰὸς μυχὸν ἄντρου.

57) τὸσσον ἀλίσσων σὺν λίθον ἠΰκομος Πὰν ἔθηκε θύρησιν.

58) λευκὸν γάλακτος —

The

The other half he let (59) alone,
To drink when all the Ale was gone.
After these works he thus did handle,
He light a (60) hugeous *Christmas* Candle;
And having wisely snufft the Wick,
And stuck it in Clay Candle-stick.
Observing some of † us to squutter
(The effect of fear) he cry'd, Fah! out-here.
And looking heedfully about-him
He spy'd our Men, and thus did flout-'um.
'Ye shitten Rascals, pray what weather
'Did drive such stinking foisters hither?
'For I suppose by Sea you came
'Rather to steal, than purchase Fame;
'Whether you Pilots be or Pirates,
'*Id est*, or water-Rats or dry-Rats.
'Cox-bones! * I've here got such a Mow-ser,
'Will worry you like any Towser.
'At which fierce Speech again they squutter'd,
And one behind the other flutter'd,

59) Ἄμυδις δ' ἄνδρα ἕκαστον ἐΐσην λάχε μοῖραν ἐδητύος ἠδὲ καὶ οἴνου.

60) ἠΰτε νηὸς ἀνάσσων ἠὲ σύβωτης.

† I dare be hang'd, if this Rogue doth not bely 'um; for they had only the *yellow Jaundies* in their Posteriors.

* Perhaps he means his Sweetheart, which Authors say, was an ugly Fat-arse'd Puss; in French a *Mouche.*

For

For fear of's Sawcer-eye, and eke
To hear him like a Cannon ſpeak.
Yet plucking up good heart of grace,
I made this anſwer in ſhort ſpace,
(Stopping looſe *Podex* with my finger,
Leſt any thing, you know, ſhould hinder.)
'We're *Greeks*, my little ſweet Pigſny!
'That late have trod our ſhoes awry;
'Thinking from *Troy* to ſail ſtrait home,
'But (ſee the chance) we're hither come.
'Perhaps *Jove* ſhew'd us all this (61) hard-
ſhip,
'In love t'acquaint us with your Lord-
ſhip.
'And truly I one Crown would ſpend,
'To purchaſe ſuch a bouncing friend,
'One Duke *Agamemnon* we ſerv'd,
'Whoſe Fame's as great, as he deſerv'd;
'For burning a renowned City,
'And killing folks, the more's the pity.
'But after all we're here arriv'd,
And at your ſweaty Toes, being griev'd,

(61) Ἴσως τοῦτο Ζεὺς ἐδυσμενίσατο.

'We

'We humbly beg upon our knees
'Youl'd help us to some Bread and Cheese.
'Thus Lads (62) unto their Strangers do,
'Nay sometimes give Anchovies too,
'Neat-tongue, or Tart, or plate of Ale;
'But seldom they of all things fail.
'Do you do thus, ô Gundy Hero!
'And we'ld sing Songs of old *Rogero*,
'*Renaldo*, *Sacrapont*, and——so so,
'And of *Orlando Furioso*.
'But if you should not do't, alack!
'I fear lest *Jove* should soundly thwack
'Your Worships bones; for *Jove* you (63) know
'Was evermore a good Fellow.

62) Τὸν ξεῖνον δμῳὶς ἔδν.

63) Ζεὺς γὰρ ἑταιρήιον ἐκτελέσαι τε ξεῖνον.

Thus I collogu'd, but he cry'd fiercely,
'Or (64) you're a fool, or know me scarcely,
'To put me thus in mind of *Jove*,
'Whom *Cyclops* neither fear nor love;
'Nor any other gods, (65) for we
'Are greater than those Fellows be.

64) νήπιός ἢ ἄξεῖνος ἢ πολλὸν ἀλαλήσθαι.

65) ἐπεὶ πολὺ φέρτεροι εἰμὲν.

'Where-

'Wherefore for *Jove*'s ſake I'ld ne'r ſpare you,
'Were it not for the love I bear you;
'But tell me quickly I adviſe,
[600] 'Where now your Ship at Anchor lies,
'Whether far off, or near our Land;
'Only that I may underſtand. me,
Thus did that cunning Sneak-noſe tempt
Hoping by wiles to circumvent me,
But I ſoon div'd into his mind,
And paid him thus in his own kind.
'Kind Sir, the Earth-conturbing *Neptune*,
'Of all our Ships hath now not left one;
'For all the reſt being wrackt before-a,
'He broke the laſt upon your ſhoar-ah!
'And there it in a Whirl-pool periſht,
'Only we're left, and we half famiſht.
Pox o'th' laſt word, which rhime forc't to make,
For I believe it rais'd his ſtomack:
So that he anſwer'd nought to any-on's,
But clapt his paws on my Companions.

And

And picking (66) out two that were fed most,
He dasht their brains against the Bed-post;
Brains (though but few) fell on the ground,
Commixt with blood, and there this Hound
Tearing them *piece-meal with gub-teeth,
Sat down and eat them just like Beef.
First he their Thighs devour'd gladly,
Then on their yellow Buttocks fed he,
Nay guts and garbage, which looks hastily;
One would not eat a Turd so hastily,
As he their (67) flesh and bones did swallow;
Nay made the very Pr——s to follow;
And sav'd the Piss, that ran down heels,
In a huge Bowl, to drink at meals.
We durst not say one accent to him,
Nor did we wish, Much good might do him
Or t'eat with him; but in sad (68) wise
Lifted to *Jove* hearts, hands and eyes,
That he as angry as old *Hannibal*
Would punish this same wicked *Cannibal*;

(66) σὺν δ' ἑλέτην δύο τὼ μάλα πολλὸν ἄριστω
ποτὶ γαῖαν,
κόπτ' ἐν δ' ἀλίφρονα θυμὸν ἔχευαν.

* τὸν δ' ἀπὸ μελεϊστὶ τάμ' ὠμὰ σὺν λαγάνοισι πέσσων.

(67) ὐδ' ἀπέλειπεν ἔδητύν τε σάρκας τε καὶ ἐσθίε μυελὸν ἔντων.

(68) ἡμεῖς δὲ κλαίοντες ἀνίσχομεν Δία χεῖρας.

On's own account, as well as ours,
Becauſe he ſlighted goddiſh Powers.
¶ But when this whelp had cram'd his Weazon
With humane fleſh, and Piſs that ſeaſon,
(69) He drops him down among his Sheep,
Plaguily ſnoring in his ſleep.
By this I had ſuch Courage got,
Which deſperation had made hot,
That with † *Morglay*, I thought to part
The Monſter's midriff from his heart.
But if the Puppy had been ſlain,
We had been forced to remain
Till we ſhould ſtarve in Cave alone;
Becauſe we could not ſtir the Stone.
So till broad day, with ſighs and ſobs,
We ſtood with fingers in our fobs.
But when he ſpy'd *Titbonus* Whore,
He milkt his Oxen as before;
And then a couple more he took
Of our poor Squires, whom like a Cook

He

(69) κἀπ' ἔπιτ' ἔπειτα περὶ σπέρεσσι δαπτὸς μήλοις.

† The name of *Bruis*, of Southampton's Sword, which I'm afraid *Ulyſſes* came not honeſtly by.

Aurora, a little Wanton, who although ſhe pretends Honeſty, by riſing early; yet a-nights ſhe uſed to chew the Cud (to uſe the modeſt phraſe) with *Titbonus*.

He ſtrait made ready; but the meat
You may ſuppoſe was not too ſweet,
For they were ſawc'd with Turd for Butter,
And ſodden well in their own water.
Then after Breakfaſt out he went,
But us i'th'Cave with quarry pent
As eaſily, as if a (70)man
Should with a Cake cover a Kan,
In which you know the Flies remain,
Till the Cake's taken off again.
Then whiſtling (71) like ten thouſand Carters,
He drove his Cattle to their quarters.
But I (72) was left, trying concluſions,
And gathering hearty reſolutions,
How to take vengeance on the Knave,
And by ſome means eſcape his Cave.
I knew my skill in picking Locks,
And hop'd 'twould do; but (out a Pox
That I ſhould be ſo dull a Drone)
When 'twas not lockt but barr'd with Stone.

70) ἄλλ' ἐπὶ δηρὸν ὡς οὔτι φαείνῃσι μῦμ' ἐπὶ δεῖπνον.

71) πολλὰ δὲ βοῦς ἐλάων πρὸς ὁρὸς τρίπα πάντα μῆλα.

72) αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ μετὰ θυμὸν ἀριπρεπέα κακὰ βυσσοδόμευον.

At last this Crochet seem'd the best,
73) ὃ δ' ἐμοὶ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀρίστη φαίνετο βουλή. And pleas'd me more than (73) all the rest.
The *Cyclops*, Sir, (I tell no Fable)
* Ἔκειτο μέγα ῥόπαλον παρὰ σηκῷ. Had a * huge Catstick near the Stable,
Green still and pithy; he had clipt that
From some great Wood to play at Tip-cat,
When it was dry'd; but 'twas as vast
74) τὸ μὲν ἄμμες εἰσεμάσσαμεν εἰσερύσαντε ὅσσον τ' ἰστὸν νηὸς ἐϊκόσορον ἠὲ μελαίνης. As th'*Royal*(74)*Charles* his middle Mast;
Which you know *Dutch-men* took by Treason,
But dare not us't themselves; good reason!
'Twas full as long, and full as thick;
From which I cut an ell-long stick.
And ga't my Boys to make it smooth,
Which they full quickly did forsooth:
* ἐγὼ δ' ἐθέλοντα παρεστὰς ἄκεσσα —— Then * I the Point so well did whittle,
I made't as sharp as any Needle.
Then well I hardned it i'th' Fire,
So hid it underneath the Mire;

Which

Which with the Dung lay thick about,
Within the Cave, and eke without;
Which Dung without I long'd to see,
But Stone resolv'd it should not be.
Now having thus contriv'd the Plot, [700]
I bad Companions choose by (75) Lot,
(High-jinks, or Fillup) who should be
My Aiders in this *Tragedy*,
By boring hole (when he should sleep here)
To make his Eye wider and deeper:
In short, The Lot on four did pitch,
Which made me think the Lot a Witch.
Because I wisht the very same,
And knew them fittest for my game.
So we lay still, protesting seriously
To do it constantly and seriously;
But in the Ev'ning this Damn'd Dogs-eyes
Came, driving's Cattel to their Hog-sties.
Both Hogs and Dogs, and Pigs and Sheep,
And Cows and Goats within must keep.

75) ἄλλος κρίνου πιπλήσκ- ἐμοὶ ἀνώγει.

Whether the fool might be afraid
Of Thieves, if they without door ſtaid,
Or whether gods did bring't about
In pity ſo to help us out.
Theſe Flocks thus filling up the lodging,
We'd brave advantage ſo to dodg him.
But when the Whelp had barr'd the door,
He milkt his Cattle as before,
And clapt the young under their Dams.
Then into's his Throat two more he crams
Of my Companions; I at firſt word
In's chops was fain to ſhovel Muſtard.
Which done, with Bowl and loving face
I thus did complement his Grace:
'Sweet *Cormorant*, after this Supper
'Of humane fleſh, behold a Cup here
'Of pleaſant Wine, that you may ſee,
'What Hectors and down Boys we be.
'And this ſame token faith I give ye
'Out of pure love, if you'll believe me,

'Only

'Only that you'ld do so and so (76)
'To take my Wine and let me go.
'For troth I'm such a shitten Creature,
'Enough to poison a Man-eater;
'And folks might think you're starv'd in-
deed,
'If on such Carrion you should feed.
'Beside, if you should now undo-me,
'I ne'r could bring fat People to-you;
'Which out of good will I intend now,
'If you will but appear my friend now.
Thus I: But he took all in scoff,
Only he tost the Liquor off (77).
And smacking's blobber-Lips, he fell (ye)
Stroaking with paw his Tun-like belly.
'And then said he, More, more o'th' same
'Thou honest Soul, and tell's thy name
'Now quickly; for I do intend
'To be in gratitude thy friend:
'For we have special Wine, I take it,
''Mong *Ciclops*; *Jove* himself doth make
it.

76) σὺ δ' ἐν λοιζὴν φέρω εἴ μ' ἐλάσσας οἴκαδε πέμψ-ψας.

77) ἤπιε δ' αἶψα δὲ πᾶν τὸν κύπελ-λον.

'Yet that (Gudſuckings) doe's appear,
'Compar'd to this, but flat ſmall Beer:
78) ἀλλὰ τὸ δ' ἀμπελόεσσα καὶ νικᾶσθαι θέσιν ἀμφῴει. 'This Wine (78) (ô prethee gi'z ſome more on't)
'Is ſpecial Wine, and well worth four on't.
*Ὡς ἔφαθ'. Thus he * e'faith; I ne'r deny'd him,
But with my Quart-pot freely ply'd him.
79) τρὶς μὲν ἔδραξ φίαλον τρὶς δ' ἔκπεσε κρατὸς ἀφεσθεὶς ἦεν. Three (79) times he clapt this Pot to's Noſe,
Three times the Rogue bepiſt his Hoſe,
And beleh'd, the Liquor was ſo ſtrong;
That I ſaw where his Brains were hung.
And when in ſo good caſe I knew him,
In ſoothing manner I ſpake to him.
'You may remember, Man of Fame,
'Three minutes paſt you ask'd my Name:
'And now I ſhall, becauſe you're civil,
'Confeſs my Name, and ſhame the Devil.
80) Οὖτίς εἰμι γ' ὀνομάζομαι. Οὖτις δέ με καλέουσι πατὴρ ἠδὲ πάντες ἑταῖροι. 'Tis *Nobody* (80) in Latin, *Nemo*,
'And I'le aſſure you they that me know
'Call me by that Name; for example
'*Nemo* (that's I) hath Guts full ample.

Thus I (the Devil take such dry-sport)
Can't forbear Joquing, though I die for't.
As in that Instance, which I gave,
Hearing me mention Guts so brave.
He gigling gave this cruel Answer,
'*Nemo* (tha-(81)that's you) I'll eat anon, Sir,
'All th'others fi-first, and you the la-last,
'Such lo-love I'll sho-shew for wat is pa-past.
And stutt'ring thus he (82) loll'd his Log-ger-head,
Nodding upon a rotten Cupboard-head;
Which not enduring such a weight,
Fell kindly down and broke his Pate.
Yet though about his ears it clatter'd,
He still snor'd on, and never matter'd;
And snoring thus in his own Shamble,
Dead-men in's guts began to wamble.
Blest operation of my Cup,
To see him cast his reck'nings up,
Though I! t' see Wine and Flesh uprising,
And him so fast through drinks disguising.

81) Οὔτις ἐγὼ πύματον θάνατον μετὰ πᾶσιν ἑταίροισιν τὸν δ' ἄλλον πρόσθεν ἑλοίμην.

82) Ἦ καὶ ἀνακλινθεὶς πάτην ὑπερθε—

There

(83) αἰψηρὸν ἐξέπεσε κεφαλὴ ἄνω ὑμοῦ τε καὶ αἵματος ἀνδρόμεα.

There lay *Jack*'s buttock (83) *Humphrey*'s head
Spew'd up again, now they were dead.
Which, you muſt think, caſt a rare ſteam,
Being mixt with blood, piſs, wine, curds, cream.

[800]

Then under th'Embers I the ſtick laid
To make it hot; mean while I tickled
My Fellows hearts with words of comfort,
Till they couragious prov'd in ſome ſort.
But when the ſtick was fiery hot,
My Fellows, who were choſe by lot,
Stood round about the ſnoring whelp,
Reſolv'd to lend me all their help.
Then I took ſtick red hot from fire,
And burning hotter with deſire
Of Vengeance, to Don-ſleeper came,
And ſoftly there we took good aim.

(84) αὐτὰρ δαίμων ἐνέτυνεν μέγα δαίμων.

Surely the (84) Devil made us ſo bold;
For they o'th'top of ſtick took hold,
And plac'd it o're his goggle eye.
I cing'd the middle gingerly,

And

And rowl'd it in and rowl'd it out,
And fiercely turn'd it quick about.
Though all the World Sir to a Pin,
I durst not do the like agen;
Ev'n as a Shipwright very nimble,
Doth roundly turn about his Wimble;
Or as a Joyner boreth (mauger
The ſtouteſt wood) with well greas'd Auger,
Thus we with burning ſtick did bore
His eye (one eye he had, no more)
'Bout which there ran a Moat of gore.
All's beetle (85) brows, and th' hair of them
Were ſing'd and ſcorched by the ſteam
Of burning Eye; we might obſerve
Th' Anatomy of's Optick nerve,
If we'd leiſure then to ſtudy,
But though we were in caſe ſo muddy,
Ready for fear our ſelves to piſs,
We laught to hear his Eye-root hiſs.

85) You may here ſee, what a jeering Rogue *Ulyſſes* was, when he knew the man had but one Eye, to allow him ſo many Brows.

As

86) Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὴρ χαλκεὺς πέλεκυν μέγαν ἠὲ σκέπαρνον— εἰν ὕδατι ψυχρῷ βάπτῃσι.

As when (86) a Smith do's quench in Water
Hot burning-Steel, or ſome ſuch matter.
You know by *Antipathetick* cauſe
There doth ariſe a hizzing noiſe.
Juſt thus for all the world his Eye
Did hiz, methought, harmoniouſly.
But this ſame kind of uſage baſe,
Did (as you'ld gueſs) ſooh wake his Grace;

87) σμερδαλέον δὲ μέγ' ἄμυξε. τοῖος δ' ἴαχε πέτρη.

Who being ſear'd as 'twere in dream,
Did howl, and yaul, and roar (87) extreamly, in ſuch ſort (a yelping Hound!)
It made the very Rock * reſound.

88) τὸν μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐφόβησα ἰὼν ἀνὰ θυμὸν ἀνίαν.

At this we ran with fearful mind,
But left the truſty Stick behind;
And there't had been for us, till doom,
Had not himſelf with frets and fume
Tore't out of's Eye, then (88) flung't in anguiſh
Away, and cry'd, The Devil hang this.

But

But now our wounded *Cyclop*, bellows
To th'other *Cyclops* Friends and Fellows,
Who dwelt hard by in Dungeons deep:
They hearing him such pudder keep,
Rose in their Shirts, and at his Door
Ask'd him what made his Worship roar.
'What hurt hast got, ô *Polyphemus!*
'That makes thee snore and roar in dream thus?
'And blustər so we cannot sleep (89) for ye.
'Has any Mortal stole your (90) Sheep from ye?
'Or are you by the Fleas now bit a bed?
'Or have you (as you've often) shit a bed?
'Or are you kill'd by (91) fraud or force,
'That thus you roar as you were horse?
Then from his Cave, stout *Polypheme*
With sobs like Mill-stones answerd them:
'O Friends! 'tis *Nemo* (92) doth by wily
'And subtle fraud (not valour) kill me.

89) ἦ ἀΰπνους ἄμμε πιφάσθαι.

90) ἦ μή τις ὁ μῆλα βρότειν ἀέκοντ' ἐλάσειεν.

91) ἦ μή τις ὁ αὐτὸς κτείνει δόλῳ ἠὲ βίηφι.

92) Οὖτις μ' κτείνει δόλῳ ἠδὲ βίηφι.

They

They knowing's Latin-affectation,
Took *Nemo* in signification
Of *No-man*, and this Answer spake,
'If you're alone, and none doth make
'Your ease deserving of our help,
'E'n roar your heart out for a Whelp.
'Since ye can't bear what *Jove* doth send ye,
'Nought sooner than a Rope will mend ye.
'But if you'd rather pray than choak,
'*Neptune* (93) your Dad with Prayers invoke.
They went away when thus they'd spoken,
But my dear Guts (94) were almost broken
With laughter, that the lucky faining
Of *Nemo* sav'd us all from braining.
Though this same word wa'n't so intended,
But meerly by instinct invented.
The *Cyclop*, though his Friends advis'd him,
Ne'r pray'd to *Neptune*, but despis'd him.

(93) ἀλλὰ σὺ γ' ἀχεῖο πατρὶ Ποσειδάωνι.

(94) ἐμὸν δ' ἐγέλασσε φίλον κῆρ— ὡς ὄνομ' ἐξεύρηκε, καὶ οὐ θέμις ἐστὶν ἀμύνειν.

And

And like a very *Turk* or *Flemming*
He fell to curſing and blaſpheming;
Roaring moſt wickedly and ſobbing.
But the Rogue cautious of our bobbing,
Holding one hand before his Noſe,
And groping(95)with the other, goes
Tow'rd door (but in the way ſome gins
I had laid there, which broke his Shins)
But yet he heav'd the Door away,
And ſat him down, as who ſhould ſay;
Come this or that way any other,
But Sheep, and I'ld not ſpare my Brother.
And then he ſtrecht his clutches out,
Thinking to take us ſo no doubt.
Belike th' Aſs took(96)me for a fool;
But ever ſince I went to School
I knew what's what; but at that time
I think I ſhew'd my wit ſublime:
And try'd all ways with tooth and nail,
Leſt Friends and I of life ſhould fail,

95) ἤτοι μὲν ἔπειτα λαρύνων.

[900]

96) ὣς γάρ μ' ἤλπετο εἰνὶ φρεσὶ νήμερτα εἰδέναι.

97) πάντας δ' ἄλας λίθους τε μὴ ὑπερθέειν. I left (97) no Stone unturn'd (huda boors)
But only that that bar'd the Doors;
Ev'ry one elſe I mov'd, I'll ſwear,
And counſell'd here and counſell'd there,
And in my thoughts I had great ſtrife,
98) ἄσπετος ἀμφὶ μοὶ ἦεν ἰαχή. 'Cauſe buſineſs did concern my life (98):
One while I thought, when he ſhould riſe
And open door, to 'ſcape 'twixt Thighs,
But then I fear'd a thing, you know,
Which 'twixt his Thighs hung very low;
Then cloathed in Sheeep-skins, I thought
Upon all four we might be brought
Safe out, among the Flocks, you know it;
But then we had no time to do it.
Then faith, I thought to dreſs a Puppet
Up in my Clothes, and ſo to pop it
Before his face, and while he ſtaid
Tormenting that, ſo to evade.
But when on theſe I could not reſt,
1) ἦλθε δέ μοι κραδίῃ δόλος ἄλγιστα φρονέοντι. At laſt this project lik'd me beſt (1);

I'th'

I'th' Cave were Rams with huge Black-wool;
I ne'r saw Rams so large and full;
I takes these Rams, Sir, three and three,
And ties them very chordially
Together, the middlemost did bear
One man, the other two took care;
Being bound on each side of the man,
To keep him from a foul trapan.
Thus six times three six men did carry
Under their breasts; but I, why? marry
Spying a Ram, the very best of 'um,
Bigger and stronger than the rest of 'um.
First stroakt him (2) on the back, I'll tell ye,
Then gently slipt under his belly.
And there on his thick Fleece I hung
By Teeth and Nails all the night long
In mickle pain, till morn was seen,
When this Blind-beggar of *Bednal-green*
Open'd his door, and grop'd i'th'way
While Sheep past on; *Ba-ba* cry'd they,

2) τῦ γαρ τῶν πολλῶν ἀρχαιοτέρω ἐστὶ μᾶλλον ἀνθρώπου.

'Cauſe now they were unmilkt, and ſo
Their Dugs were heavy, you muſt know.
But their wiſe Maſter (though he * ſaw
No hurt we'd done) with greaſie Paw
In wrath their backs did feel about,
Thinking to catch us there, no doubt;
Boobe! to think(3), as I muſt tell ye,
That we preferr'd a back to belly.
But laſt of all the pocky Ram,
Loaded with me and's Wool, forth came;
Feeling whoſe back (in leſs than a yard
Beſure he had got me by the Beard)
Blind *Bayard* thus began to prate,
'You lazy Rogue,(4)pray, why ſo late
'Now come you forth with ſober gate?
'When heretofore you ſtill went firſt
'Unto the Streams to quench your thirſt;
'And eke to field on Graſs to feed,
'And home you us'd to hie with ſpeed.
'But now thou't laſt; ſure 'tis a grief
'For thee t'have ſeen *Nemo* this Thief;

* But I think he felt it.

3) τὸ δὲ πάντος οὐκ ἐνόησεν ὡς οἱ ὑπ' αἰγικόπων ἔλεν τέρνοισι δάσυπο.

4) καὶ νῦν τίπτε φάε δὲ σπίδα βραδυμέλαν ἔπαιρες.

'Firſt

'Firſt make me drunk, then make me blind,
'Therefore, poor thing! thou ſtayſt behind.
'Oh! never more, I plainly ſee,
'Will (5) eye of Maſter fatten thee!
'Although the Villain, that hath done it,
'Is not, as I ſuppoſe, (6) quite gone yet.
'(No faith think I thou blinking Prophet,
'Cauſe ſo near thee I'll not light-off yet.)
'But if, quoth he, my Ram thou canſt
'But ſpeak, for ſure thou underſtandſt,
'Hide (7) not his hiding place; but ſhew it,
'(O Lord!) think I one Fart would do it.)
'Then I, quoth he, his Brains will ſcatter
'(And thought I, that's a weighty matter.)
'Againſt the Walls, and ſo my mind
'Would after that ſome comfort find
'For th'blindneſs (8) which old *Nemo* gave me.
(Poor Cluck, thought I the Devil ſave thee!)

5) ἢ σὺ γ' ἀνέκ-
κλ' ὀφθαλ-
μὸν πθέσις.

6) ὃν ἔπω φη-
μὶ πεφυγμένον
εἶναι ὀλεθρον.

7) αἰκεῖν ὕπ-
νῶπος ἐμὸν μέ-
νος ἐλασκάζω.

8) τό μοι ὀπ-
ᾶσσαι πῆμα
οὖ τις.
Obſerve this Joque of *Polyphem's*.

Then he let forth the Ram and me,
Unthankt for that Civility;
For Complements were out of fashion,
When I beheld him in such passion;
But when the Flocks some space had gone,
I dropt, and let the Ram go on.
So rising softly from the ground,
My other Friends I straight unbound
Them from Rams bellies, slily cropping
With Rams-piss and their own still dropping.
Then nimbly after this fine slip
We (9) drove his Sheep unto our Ship.
Welcome to the Souldiers we appear
That scap't, but they that eaten were
Stuck in their stomacks; yet by (10) nodding
I made the Chits leave off their sobbing,
And taking Sheep aboard to hasten,
If they desir'd t'escape a basting.
They such sad after-claps much fearing,
Fell strait to rowing and to steering.

9) μῆλα — πεῖσεσθαι ἅλαδε πομεῦσιν [1000] ὄφρ' ὅτι τάχα — ἀκόμεθα.

10) αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ ἦκα οἶον (ἀνὰ δ' ὀρυμὸν νεῦον ἑκάστῳ) κλαίοντ.

But when I thought us far enough,
To *Polypheme* I ſent this huff:
'*Cyclop!* if you'd had any wit
'You'ld not have took me for a Chit;
'Nor ſerv'd my Servants in ſuch manner
'To bang them worſe than any Tanner;
'And greedier than a very Hog,
'Devour them like a Butcher's Dog.
'You could not ſee your good before,
'And now I think you'll ſcarce ſee more;
'For *Jove*, and gods whom you ſo ſlight,
'Have pleas'd to take away your ſight;
'And now you'd beſt go ſtrike a Light.
This huffing to the Plucks ſo vext him,
That he laid hold of what was next him,
Which prov'd a (11) Mountain wondrous great,
With which he hop'd to break my Pate,
And flung it, crying this (huds *Diggars*)
That man, whom e're it hits, diſfigures.

11) Τὸν δ' ἀπορρίξας κορυφὴν ὄρεος μεγάλοιο.

And troth ſo neer the Poop it came,
We wondred at blind Archer's aim.
For Waves, being forced thus by Rock,
Recoil'd again unto the Dock;
And with the Waves our Ship return'd,
Which made me wiſh it ſunk or burn'd:
(12) αὐτὸς γὰρ ἐγὼ χείρεσσι λάεσσιν πεφυκυῖαν κοντὸν. Ὦσα παρίξ. But I my(12)ſelf, with Pole in hand,
Shov'd her off ſtiffly from the Land;
And nodding, bad my Sons of Whores
With treble force to ply their Oars;
While this ſame blinking Owl ſtood gaping,
And never knew of our eſcaping.
(13) ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τρὶς τόσσον ἀλὸς τμήξαντες ἀπῆμεν. But when(13)twice further we had row'd,
Thus o're the blinded Cock I crow'd:
But as I went to ſpeak forſooth,
A Puppy claps his hand o're mouth;
And all my Friends on bended knees,
Beg'd earneſtly I'ld hold my peace.
'Lord bleſs us! ſure our Brains are mellow
'Thus to provoke an angry Fellow,

'Who

'Who late you know with Hills and Rocks
'Had almoſt ſpoil'd us with a pox;
'For by that caſt he flounc'd us back,
'And there we'd like t'have gone to wrack.
'If now he hears but the leaſt noiſe, his
'Ear being guided by our Voices,
'He'll aim ſo well, that he'll e'n break
'The Organs by the which we ſpeak.
'And ten to one he'll crack our Pates,
'He flings ſo deadly (14) far at Quoits.
'But then, quoth I, pray Sirs, be ſtill, now
'I'll ſpeak, *Cudſplutternails*, I will now.
'D'ye think I'll put up ſo much wrong
'Without revenging with my Tongue?
'Faith I'll correct him in bravado,
'Far worſe than with a baſtinado.
'Then I roar'd out, Thou Buzzard *Cyclop*,
'As tall as any *Cedar's* high-top,
'If any chance to ask, what man
'Did give you ſuch a clear trap-an

14) Or, by Inch.

'To put your Eye out; (do ye see now?)
'You must not like a fool, say *Nemo*;
'But tell him 'twas the brave *Ulysses*,
'That makes a trade of conqu'ring Cities,
'Born of *Laertes*, you may tell him,
'That hath in *Ithaca* his dwelling.
At this he fetcht deep sigh from heart,
Though many thought 'twas but a F——
And sobbing till he burst his Breeches,

15) Ὣς ἔφαν· ὃ δ' ἀμείβετο μῦθον ἀπαμείβων· He cry'd 'Good-(15)-lack-a-day! how Witches
'Can tell mens Fortunes! I remember
'Once I'd a kind of Female friend here,
'A Gypsie, whom I made my Mate,
16) οὕνεκα μισθὸν ἔμοιγε τελεῖ. 'Cause she'd a C———(16) so good and great.
* μαντεύσατο δαίμων. 'This Witch d'ye hear me now, was * famous
'From this place I believe to *Samos*,
'For knowing things as 'twere beforehand,
'And guessing by Face, Fingers or Hand;

'Of

'Of all hard things she scarce e're slipt one,
'For all the world like Mother *Shipton*;
'She said, One '*Lysses* of Wit wayward,
'Should make me full as blind as *Bayard*.
'But I still thought, that it (17) would be some-man
'Gigantick, or at least an handsom-man.
'When lo! an ugly Crump-back * *Æsop*,
'(When too much Wine he had made me sup,)
'Nay a meer Cow'rd hath blinded me now,
'And which is worse I cannot see now.
'But (18) come Sir, seeing 'twas my Fate-ill
'To be as blind as any Beetle,
'*Ulysses!* I forgive you freely,
'(But softly, 'dsfoot I'am not so silly)
'And hope to make amends for th' future,
'With gifts of Silver, Gold and Pewter; [1100]
'And if you'll come unto me friendly,
'I'll use you, faith now, very kindly,

17) ἀλλ' ἄλλο τι φρεσὶ σῇσι νοήσας
ἔγνω ἐμὲ Νῶτον ἐπὶ ἀδμῆτα ἰδέσθαι
ἄνδρα μετὰ μεγάλοισιν ἐμοῖσιν ἐπιπρέπεα.

* ὑπόκυφον.

18) ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ καὶ

And

'And then t'afford you ſpeedy paſſage
'I'll ſend to *Neptune* an Ambaſſage:
19) οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ πείσεσθαι, 'For he indeed's (19) my Father, whence,
'(Granting the Major) Conſequence
† αὐτὸς ἐγὼ Διὸς υἱὸς ἐκεκλήσομαι ἔτναι. 'Is plain, that I am *Neptune*'s Son †,
'And ſo the diſputation's done.
'Now he will cure me of this blindneſs
'Out of, you know, paternal kindneſs;
'For none, although he deals in Fiſh,
'An Abler Mountebank would wiſh.
The fat-Cheekt * *Vooden* cog'd at this rate,
Hoping t'allure me unto his bait.
But I, whom beating had made wiſe,
Lolling out Tongue and rowling eyes,
Through very rancour of my heart, intended to ſchool him thus at parting.
'Out on you, for a witleſs Coax,
'Blind, louſie, ſcabby, *John-a-noaks*;
'I'd find i'my heart, I'll tell you *Sirrah*,
'To come now ſtrait and run you thorough!
'You

* A Dutch Name, ſignifying a great Lubber, or in plain Engliſh a Loggerhead.

'You Mackrel-back, bottle-nos'd Devil,
'I'll teach you Sirrah to be civil!
'What? call me Coward? was't not late
'I'ld break my Cudgel on your Pate.
'And then to call me *Æsop*'s (Villain)
'I'm fairer than your Gipsie *Gillian*,
'And handsomer than your vile feature,
'Which is th'ill favourd'st thing in nature.
'Oh! if I had but time to come to ye,
'How I should tan your hide, and thump ye?
'And leave you by tormenting pains
'No more life than you now have brains;
'And no more blood than you have eye-sight.
'All this Il'd do to you by this light;
'And then (20) I'ld see, if *Neptune*'s kind-ness
'By Purge or Pills might cure your blind-ness.

(20) Ἤτε κε δη-
θυμὸν γ' ἰάσ-
σαιτο ἄ-
ναξ ἐνοσίχθων.

He hearing this, devoutly crept on
His knees, and made his Prayer to *Neptune*.

'Black

21) γαιήοχε ενοσιχθών.

'Black Sir, (21) Farm-holder of the Earth!
'If thou art Author of my birth,
'Grant in this manner thy Sons wiſhes
'Againſt this ugly Dog *Ulyſſes*:
'So handle him with froth and ſcum o'th' Sea,
'That he to's Country ne're may come, d'ye ſee?
'But if 'tis deſtin'd, this Coxcomb
'In ſpight o'th' Devil muſt get home.
'E'n let the homely Puppy go,
'If Fate ſays, I, I'll not ſay no!
'But prethee, let him be ſo ſhatter'd,

22) ἀλλ' εμπης οἶκόνδε.

'That he come home (22) ragged and tatter'd,
'And as he evermore liv'd niggardly,
'In his return let him come beggarly,
'Neither in Ships of's own, nor Barges,

23) νηὸς ἔπ' ἀλλοτρίης.

'But (23) at ſome other People's charges.

24) ἑταίρους δ' ἀπὸ πάντας ὀλέσσαι.

'But for his (24) other Comrades vile,
'Let them be ram'd and damn'd the while.

'And

'And ſunk ſo deeply, and ſo drown'd
'As never after to be found:
'And (25) in his Houſe let haughty Strangers
'Afflict him after ſorreign dangers.
'And prethee to compleat's diſgrace,
'Let's Wife be ſwi——'d before his face.
Thus pray'd the Rogue incontinent,
And *Neptune* granted Prayers event:
When he, it ſeems, did fling another
Mountain, as big (26) again as th'other,
With all the force and skill he had,
(For he was then * confounded mad)
Thad like t'have quaſht us all to fritters,
(Ev'n now for fear my Gizzard twitters)
Yet where we all ſuſpected murther,
We ſaw, it only (27) drove us further:
But when we came unto our Iſle
Where all the reſt were left this while,
We found our men crying (28) Good lack amain,
For fear, we never ſhould come back again.

25) Δεῦρο δ' ἐν οἰκήματα εἶναι.

26) πολὺ μείζονα λᾶαν.

* He was ſo mad, he cou'd have eaten them with a corn of Salt, and a ſhovel full of Muſtard.

27) τὸν δ' ἄρ' ἄλλον ὄρσε κελεύσμα ——

28) ἀμφὶ δ' ἑταῖροι ἔσαν ὀλοφυρόμενοι.

There

There we took Land, and parted equally
The *Cyclop*'s Sheep, we ſtole ſo ſneekingly.
(29) And unto me they gave to boot
The Ram, becauſe I ſtuck cloſe to't.
Which Ram to pay my Vows in love,
I offer'd to Cloud-ſqueezing *Jove*;
Giving to him Head, Horns, and Hide,
(30) Becauſe his power was far and wide,
But I my ſelf eat all beſide.
Yet he, pray mark his Ill conditions,
(31) Contemn'd my off'ring and Petitions;
And even at that time, ungrateful!
He thought the lives of us all hateful.
(32) And now was plotting to deſtroy
Our Ships and Men, my only Joy.
¶ But after off'ring made by Vicar,
We glibly toſt down Bowls of Liquor,
Till *Sol* declin'd his Carret-pate.
And then, becauſe 'twas pretty late,
We went to bed, and there we lay
Till th'Devil * uſher'd in the day.

(29) Ἀνὰ κριὸν δὲ μοι ἔπιτ᾽ ἔμμορε.

(30) Ὃς πάντ᾽ ἀνέζων.

(31) Ὁ δ᾽ ἐμὲ μετέζετο λισσομένους.

(32) Ἀλλ᾽ ἄρα μερμήριζεν ἐμοὶ καὶ νηυσὶν ἀπολέσθαι — πᾶσι — νῆάς τε δύσεσθαι καὶ ἐμοὶ ἀείρας ἐπίσσω.

* Or *Lucifer*, it's all one man.

And

And then, by my advice and counsel,
We nail'd an Horse-shoe on the groundsel [1200]
Of that same lovely Island; which is
A wondrous spell, Sir, against your Witches.
Then we in dozens, and in scores,
Took Ship, and (33) roundly ply'd our Oars,
Intending, though we found small sport in
Our Voyage, still to seek our fortune.
Grieve'd for our Men slain by Fate lowring;
But glad (34) that we escapt their scouring.

33) ἐξῆς δ' ἐρέσσομεν πολλὴν ἅλα· πάντοσε ἰσεμένοις.

34) ἀχνύμενοι δὲ διὰ πάντων φίλων ἑλόντες ὑπάλυξα.

In both, Lines 2774.

FINIS.